NOVEMBER
No.14

STILL 52 PAGES

QUALITY COMIC GROUP
I.C.C.
11

PLASTIC MAN

10¢

erases **WORDS,** *symbol of* **CRIME!**

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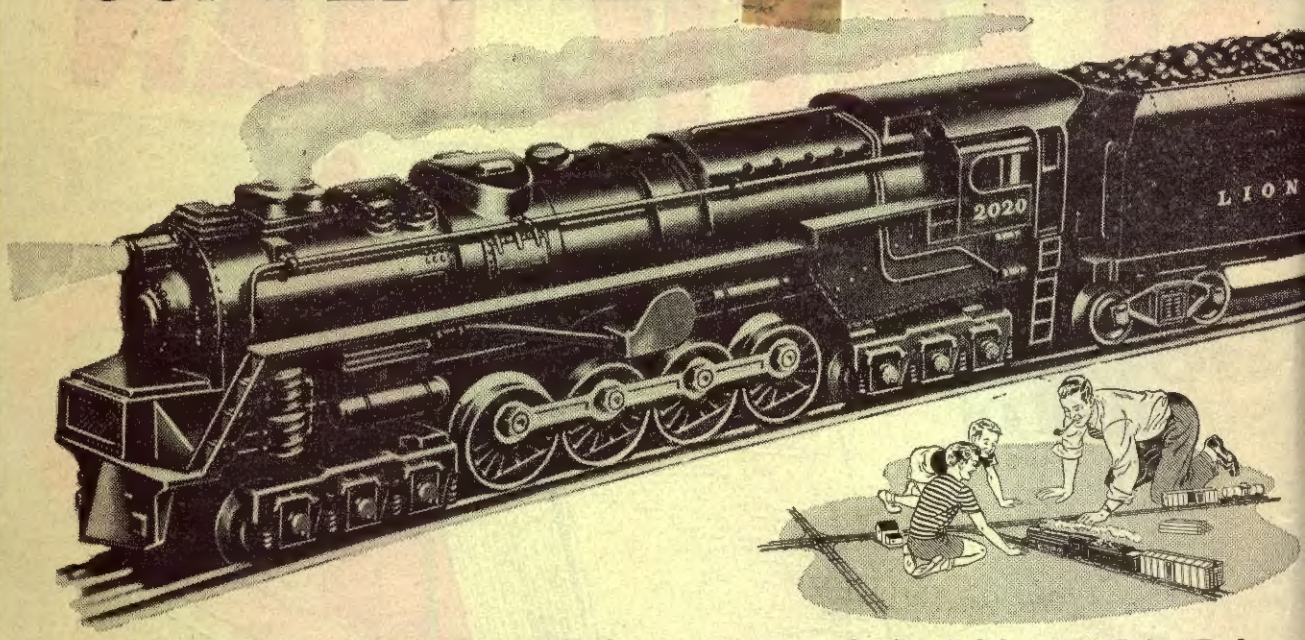

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LIONEL TRAINS

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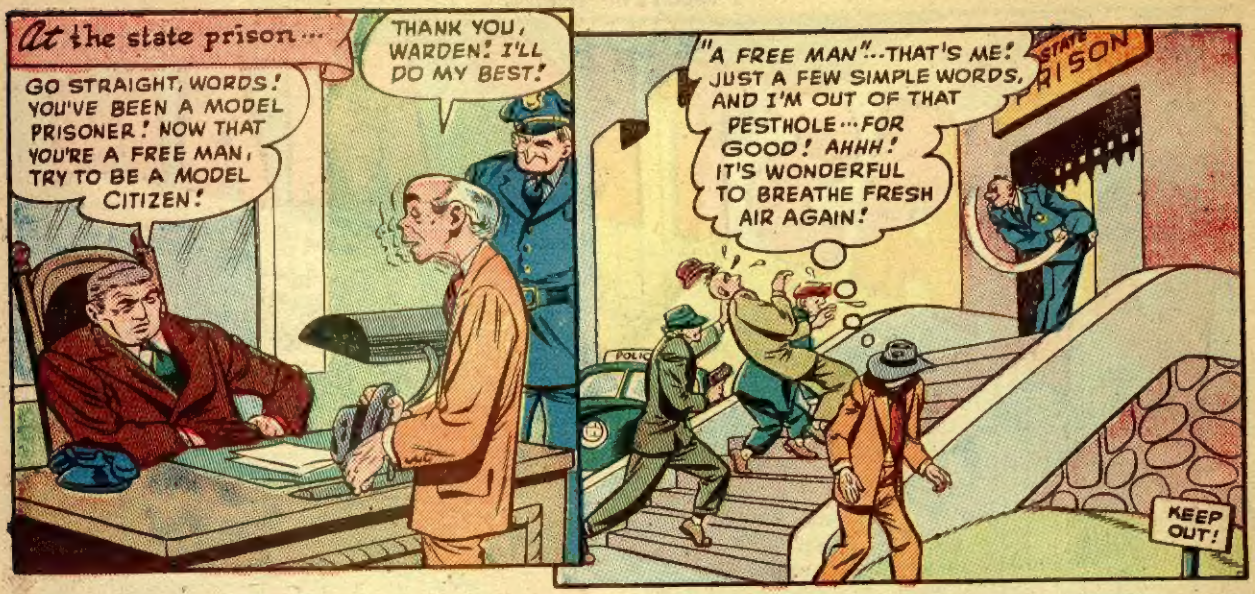
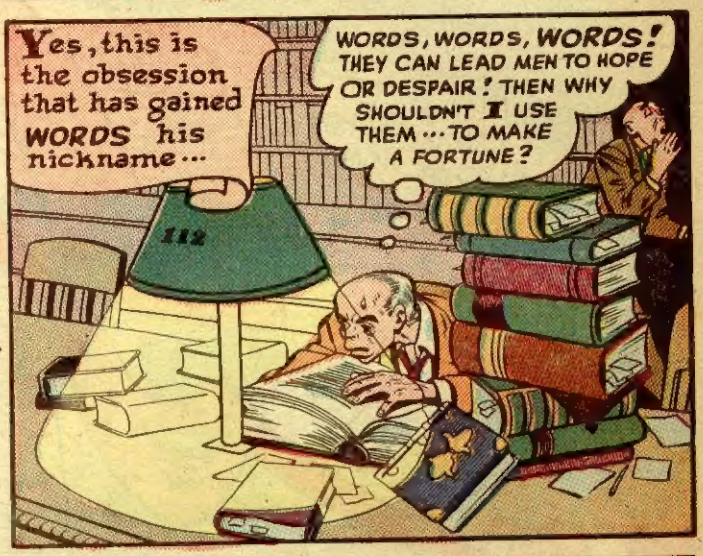
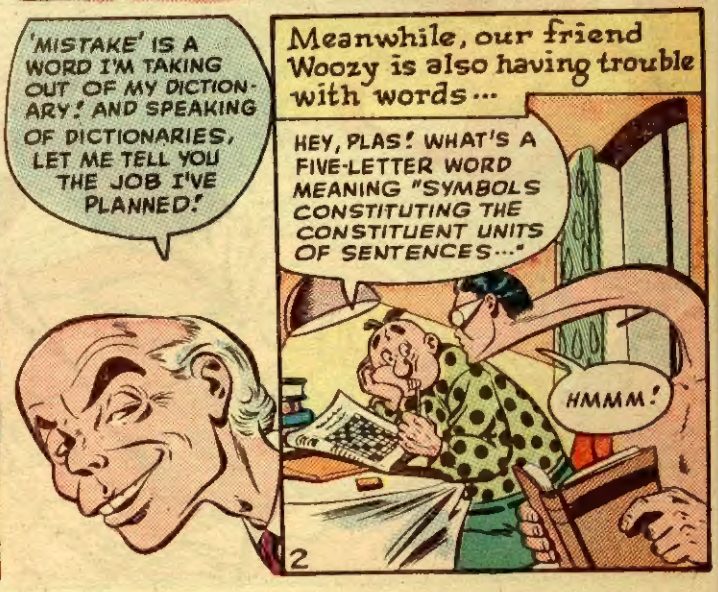
PLASTIC MAN
DICTIONARY
"WORDS ARE WEAPONS!"
"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD!"
In these and similar quotations, men have acknowledged throughout the ages the power of.... WORDS!
DICTIONARY
But not until a bookish bandit uses them as agents of crime does PLASTIC MAN discover that even his own vocabulary doesn't include all the unexpected meanings of... WORDS!
WHAT'S AN EXPRESSION MEANING "DOOM TO CRIMINALS"?
PLASTIC MAN!
ULP! DAT'S TOO EXPRESSIVE!


At the state prison...
GO STRAIGHT, WORDS! YOU'VE BEEN A MODEL PRISONER! NOW THAT YOU'RE A FREE MAN, TRY TO BE A MODEL CITIZEN!
THANK YOU, WARDEN! I'LL DO MY BEST!
"A FREE MAN"--THAT'S ME! JUST A FEW SIMPLE WORDS, AND I'M OUT OF THAT PESTHOLE--FOR GOOD! AHHH! IT'S WONDERFUL TO BREATHE FRESH AIR AGAIN!
STATE PRISON
KEEP OUT!

IT TOOK JUST ONE WORD "GUILTY"!... TO SEAL ME UP IN THAT PRISON FOR FIVE YEARS! STRANGE, THE POWER THAT WORDS CAN HAVE OVER A MAN'S LIFE! FIRST I'LL VISIT A LIBRARY!

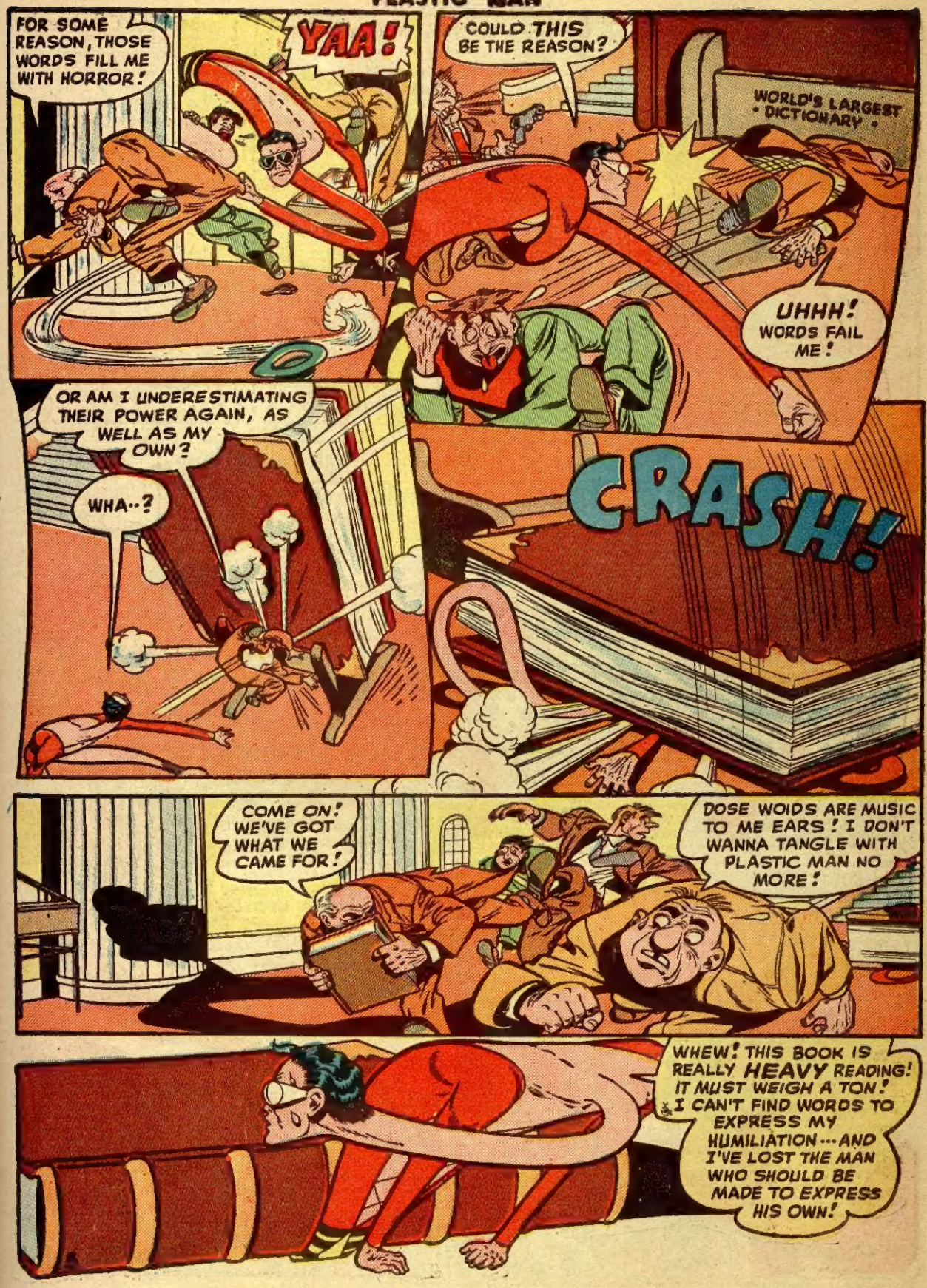

Yes, this is the obsession that has gained WORDS his nickname...
WORDS, WORDS, WORDS! THEY CAN LEAD MEN TO HOPE OR DESPAIR! THEN WHY SHOULDN'T I USE THEM...TO MAKE A FORTUNE?
112

Later...
I'M GLAD YOU LOOKED US UP, WORDS! THINGS AIN'T BEEN SO GOOD FOR US SINCE THEY SENT YOU TO PRISON!
DON'T MENTION THAT WORD! I'M BACK NOW...AND THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE MISTAKES!

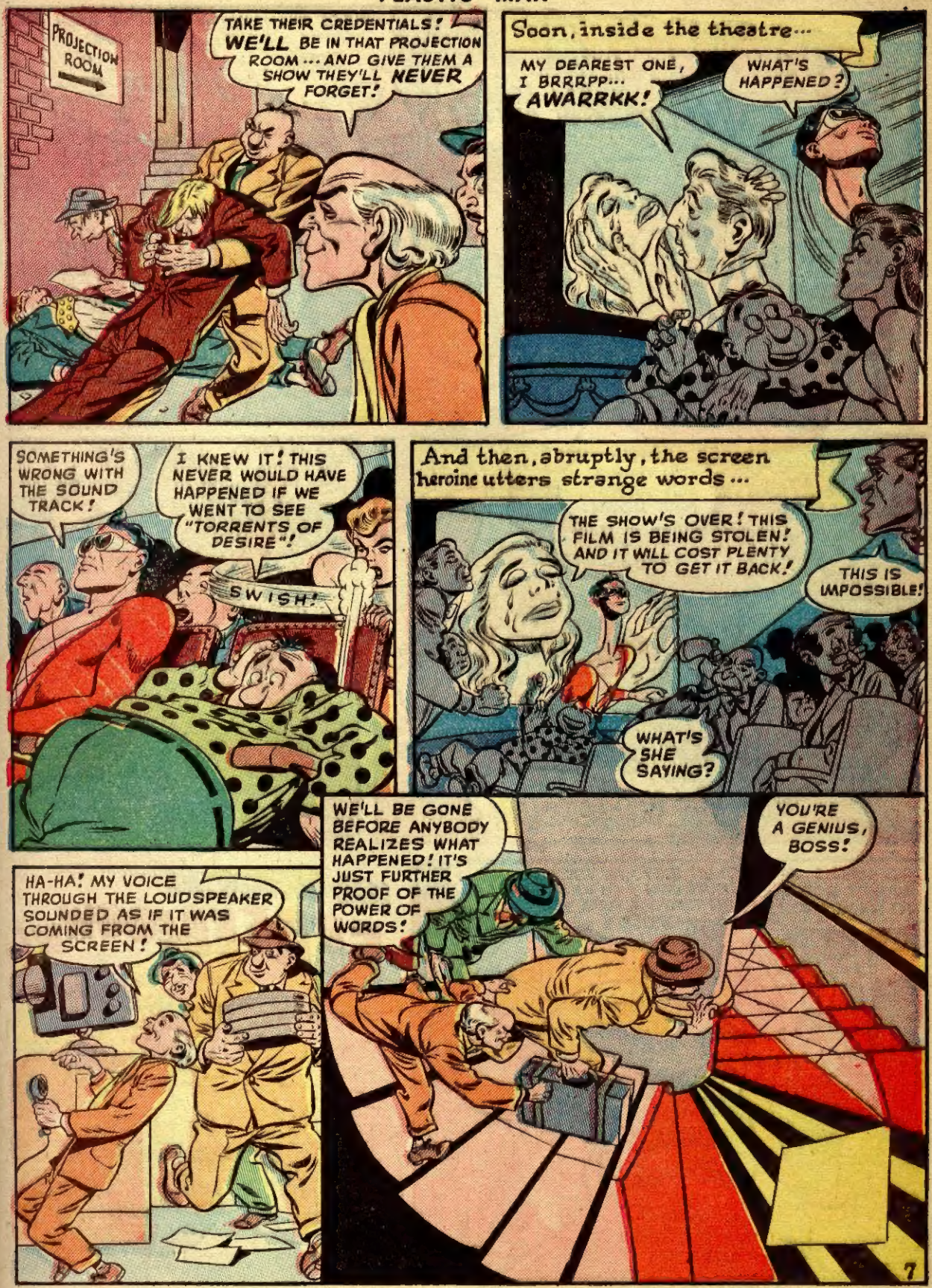

'MISTAKE' IS A WORD I'M TAKING OUT OF MY DICTIONARY! AND SPEAKING OF DICTIONARIES, LET ME TELL YOU THE JOB I'VE PLANNED!
Meanwhile, our friend Woozy is also having trouble with words...
HEY, PLAS! WHAT'S A FIVE-LETTER WORD MEANING "SYMBOLS CONSTITUTING THE CONSTITUENT UNITS OF SENTENCES..."
HMMM!
2

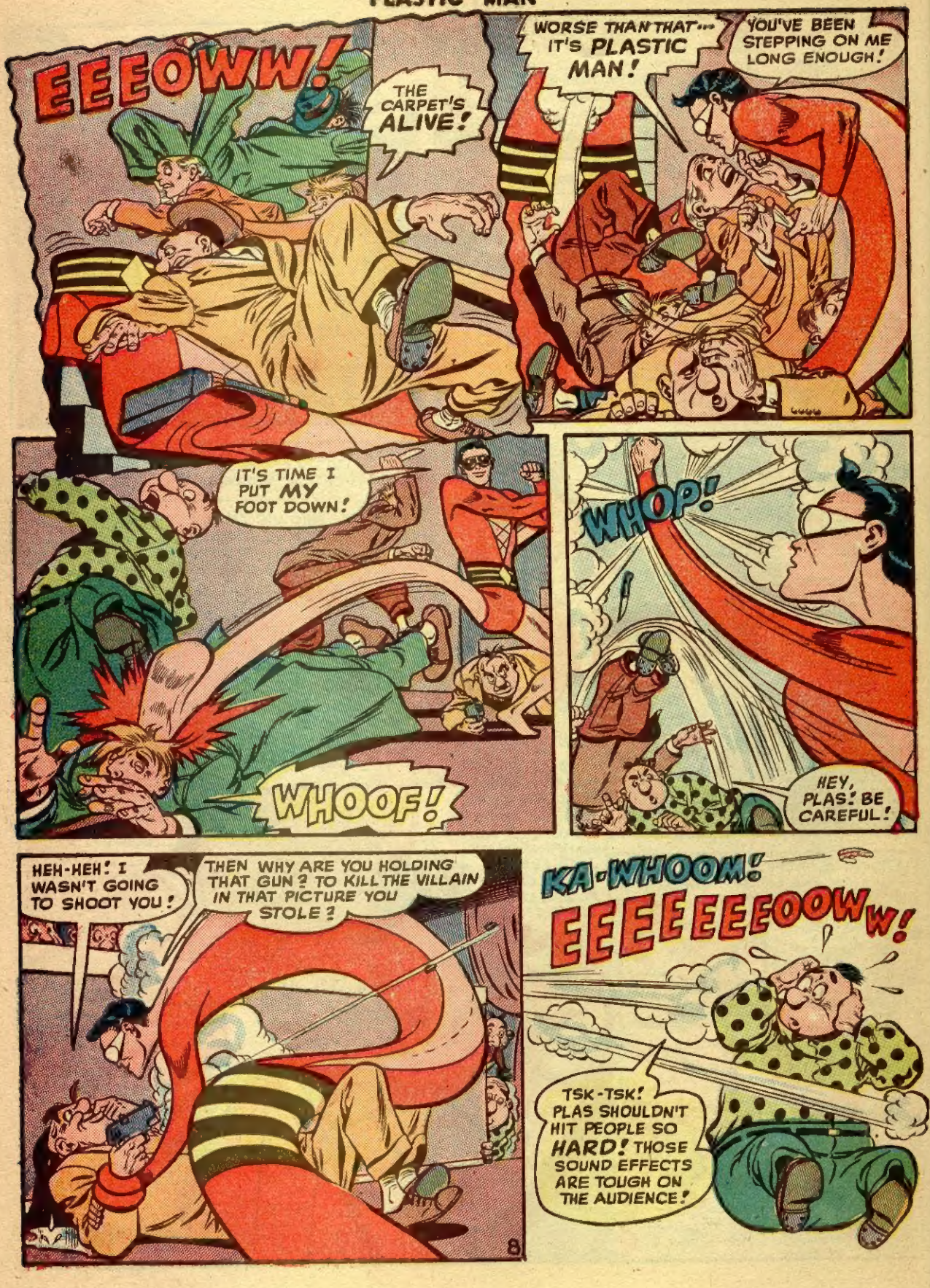
YOUR EDUCATION HAS BEEN BADLY NEGLECTED! I'M GOING TO LET YOU FIND THAT ANSWER FOR YOURSELF!
BUT... BUT...
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TO THE GALLERY OF RARE BOOKS! THEY'RE HOLDING A SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF DICTIONARIES TODAY!
Soon...
GOLLY, PLAS! THIS DICTIONARY IS SO SMALL YOU CAN ONLY READ IT WITH A MAGNIFYING GLASS!
AMAZING!
BUT I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND THE FIVE-LETTER WORD I'M LOOKING FOR!
DICTIONARY BOUND IN TIGER SKIN
WE'LL KEEP LOOKING! YOU'RE CERTAIN TO FIND IT SOONER OR LATER...
And at that moment...
THIS IS A PRIVATE OFFICE! IT'S NOT PART OF THE REGULAR GALLERY!
THANKS SO MUCH FOR THE INFORMATION!
THIS LOUDSPEAKER CONTROL EVIDENTLY CONNECTS WITH THE GALLERY! NOW I'LL GIVE A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION OF THE POWER OF WORDS!
YOU CAN'T... UGHHH!
KONK!
CLOSING TIME! SORRY, FOLKS! BUT THE GALLERIES ARE CLOSED!
COME ON, WOOZY! TIME TO GO!

I ENJOYED THAT, PLAS ... YES, SIR! VERY INSTRUCTIVE!
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!
CLOSED FOR THE DAY
SHAME! YOU WERE GOING TO STEAL THIS GENUINE ARABIC DICTIONARY!
I ... ULP ... WAS JUST LOOKING FOR THAT FIVE-LETTER WORD! I FIGURED IT MUST BE IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE!
I'LL HAVE SOME SIXTEEN-SYLLABLE WORDS WITH YOU AFTER I'VE RETURNED THE DICTIONARY TO WHERE IT BELONGS!
WHY, OH WHY DO I DO THESE THINGS?
CLOSED FOR THE DAY
Inside the deserted gallery...
WHY DON'T WE TAKE THIS ONE, WORDS? IT'S PRINTED WITH GENUINE GOLD LEAF...
YOU'RE TOO STUPID TO RECOGNIZE REAL VALUE!
THIS DICTIONARY I'M HOLDING WAS WRITTEN BY SAMUEL JOHNSON! IT'S THE FIRST ONE OF ITS KIND ... AND WORTH A VERITABLE FORTUNE!
TELL ME MORE!
I'M ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO LEARN!
PLASTIC MAN!


FOR SOME REASON, THOSE WORDS FILL ME WITH HORROR!
YAA!
COULD THIS BE THE REASON?
WORLD'S LARGEST • DICTIONARY •
UHHH! WORDS FAIL ME!
OR AM I UNDERESTIMATING THEIR POWER AGAIN, AS WELL AS MY OWN?
WHA··?
CRASH!
COME ON! WE'VE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR!
DOSE WOIDS ARE MUSIC TO ME EARS! I DON'T WANNA TANGLE WITH PLASTIC MAN NO MORE!
WHEW! THIS BOOK IS REALLY HEAVY READING! IT MUST WEIGH A TON! I CAN'T FIND WORDS TO EXPRESS MY HUMILIATION··· AND I'VE LOST THE MAN WHO SHOULD BE MADE TO EXPRESS HIS OWN!

HUMPH! EVEN THE DICTIONARY IS CALLING ME NAMES!
SAP
His escape only strengthens WORDS'S obsession...
YEAH, I CAN UNDERSTAND HOW WORDS SAVED US, WORDS! BUT WHADDAYA MEAN, THEY'RE TELLING WHAT OUR NEXT JOB WILL BE?
A PERFECTLY NATURAL CONCLUSION, MY FRIEND!
AT ONE TIME ALL MOTION PICTURES WERE SILENT! THE ADVENT OF SOUND GAVE THEM THE POWER OF THE SPOKEN WORD...
I STILL DON'T GET IT!
TO CELEBRATE THEIR TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY, CENTRAL STUDIOS ARE PUTTING ON A PRIVATE SHOWING OF "DARK ADVENTURE," THEIR FIRST TALKIE! THAT FILM IS PRICELESS!
The night of the anniversary showing...
I'D RATHER SEE HEDY GABLER IN "TORRENTS OF DESIRE"! IT'S PLAYING RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER!
QUIET! WE'RE HERE ON BUSINESS, WOOZY!
THE ORIGINAL TALKING PICTURE
CENTRAL STUDIO ASKED FOR SPECIAL PROTECTION AGAINST THEIR FILM BEING STOLEN! I VOLUNTEERED FOR THE JOB!
OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT!
At this moment...
THOSE MEN WERE SUPPOSED TO WORK IN THE PROJECTION BOOTH! BUT THEY WON'T SHOW UP!
OHHH!
AGHH!


PROJECTION ROOM
TAKE THEIR CREDENTIALS! WE'LL BE IN THAT PROJECTION ROOM ... AND GIVE THEM A SHOW THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!
Soon, inside the theatre...
MY DEAREST ONE, I BRRRPP... AWARRKK!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE SOUND TRACK!
I KNEW IT! THIS NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF WE WENT TO SEE "TORRENTS OF DESIRE"!
SWISH!
And then, abruptly, the screen heroine utters strange words ...
THE SHOW'S OVER! THIS FILM IS BEING STOLEN! AND IT WILL COST PLENTY TO GET IT BACK!
THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!
WHAT'S SHE SAYING?
HA-HA! MY VOICE THROUGH THE LOUDSPEAKER SOUNDED AS IF IT WAS COMING FROM THE SCREEN!
WE'LL BE GONE BEFORE ANYBODY REALIZES WHAT HAPPENED! IT'S JUST FURTHER PROOF OF THE POWER OF WORDS!
YOU'RE A GENIUS, BOSS!


EEEOWW!
THE CARPET'S ALIVE!
WORSE THAN THAT... IT'S PLASTIC MAN!
YOU'VE BEEN STEPPING ON ME LONG ENOUGH!
IT'S TIME I PUT MY FOOT DOWN!
WHOOF!
WHOP!
HEY, PLAS! BE CAREFUL!
HEH-HEH! I WASN'T GOING TO SHOOT YOU!
THEN WHY ARE YOU HOLDING THAT GUN? TO KILL THE VILLAIN IN THAT PICTURE YOU STOLE?
KA-WHOOM!
EEEEEEEOOWW!
TSK-TSK! PLAS SHOULDN'T HIT PEOPLE SO HARD! THOSE SOUND EFFECTS ARE TOUGH ON THE AUDIENCE!

NOW, YOU WEREN'T GOING TO SNEAK AWAY, WERE YOU?
ULP!
STOP, PLASTIC MAN! ONE MOVE AND YOUR FRIEND DIES!
WHAT?
I-I-I S-SURRENDER!
DON'T LOOK FOR ME! I'M WELL HIDDEN ··· BUT I CAN SEE YOU! AND I'VE GOT A TOMMY GUN RAISED RIGHT AT YOUR PAL'S HEAD!
LET THESE MEN GO! OR I'LL PUT SO MANY SLUGS THROUGH THAT DIMWIT, HE'LL LOOK LIKE IMPORTED SWISS CHEESE!
DON'T! I'LL MEET YOUR CONDITIONS!
After WORDS and his henchmen escape···
HE'S GONE BY NOW, PLAS!
I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE! NO SIGN OF THIS HIDDEN GUNMAN!
I WONDER! I'VE GOT A SUSPICION THERE NEVER WAS ANY HIDDEN GUNMAN!
I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T GET SUSPICIOUS TOO SOON! THE CHILLS ARE STILL CHASING EACH OTHER UP AND DOWN MY SPINE!

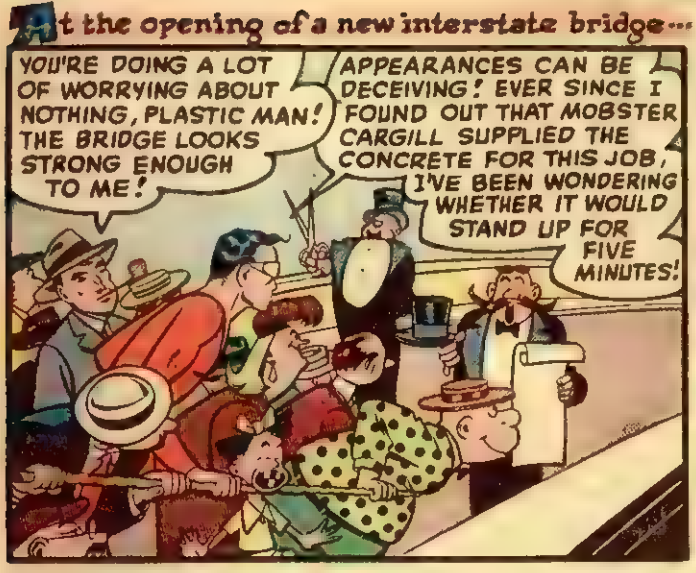
Later...
SAY, WORDS, WHO WAS THAT GUY YOU PLANTED WITH A TOMMY GUN TO COVER OUR ESCAPE?
NO ONE WAS THERE!
IT WAS MERELY A TRICK WITH... WORDS! I'VE LEARNED THE ART OF VOICE-PROJECTION... COMMONLY KNOWN AS VENTRILOQUISM! IT WAS MY VOICE THAT PLASTIC MAN HEARD!
Practical Lessons in VENTRILOQUISM
Meanwhile, words are spoken that will lead to a new crime escapade....
I'M SORRY TO INFORM YOU THAT MR. GRENVILLE IS DEAD!
THE END CAME TOO QUICKLY FOR HIM TO OPEN HIS PRIVATE VAULTS! I'LL HAVE TO SUMMON THE POLICE TO COME HERE TOMORROW!
GRENVILLE VAULTS TO BE OPENED TODAY
CODE WORD, SPOKEN ALOUD, WILL UNLOCK ELECTRICAL CONTROLS
On the vault room ...
MR. GRENVILLE KEPT EVERYTHING IN HIS PRIVATE VAULT! I WONDER WHAT WE'LL FIND WHEN IT'S OPENED!
LET'S GET STARTED!
BY ALL MEANS, GET TO WORK!
WH...WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
EVER SINCE I WAS A BOY, I'VE BEEN INTERESTED IN MYSTERIES!
UHHH!
10

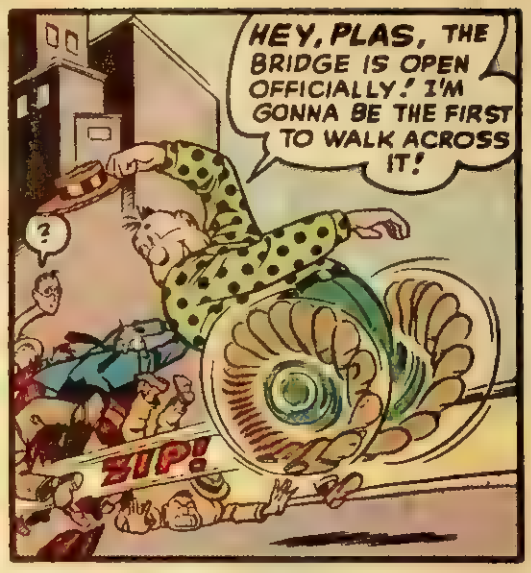
OKAY, TELL ME! WHAT'S THE CODE WORD THAT OPENS THE VAULT?
IT..IT'S AN OLD SAYING OF CAESAR'S! "VENI, VIDI, VICI"... IT MEANS "I CAME, I SAW, I CONQUERED!"
BUT YOU CAN'T OPEN THE VAULT! IT'S NOT THE WORDS, BUT... OHHHH!
THAT'S ALL I NEED FROM YOU!
VENI!... VIDI!... VICI!
IMAGINE! A LOCK THAT OPENS WHEN A GUY SAYS A FEW WORDS! HA, HA!
But after several attempts...
IT DOESN'T WORK! IF THAT LAWYER LIED TO US, HE'S GOING TO BE SORRY!
S-S-SO ARE WE! LOOK!
I THOUGHT THIS SETUP WOULD INTEREST WORDS! SORRY I ARRIVED A LITTLE LATE, BUT...
... BETTER LATE THAN NEVER! DON'T YOU AGREE WITH THAT OLD SAYING?
UGHH!

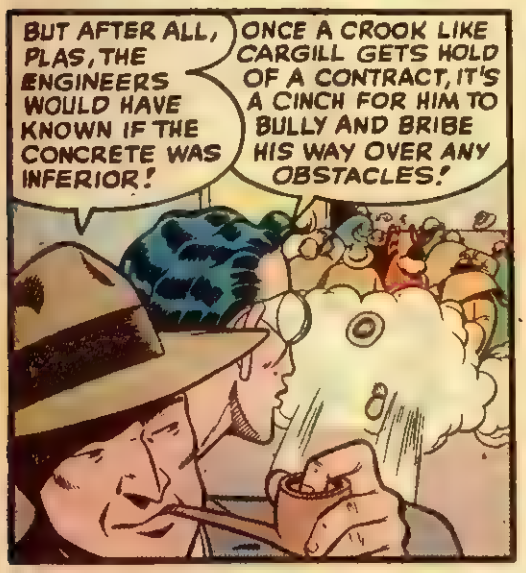
I'M GETTING OUT OF··· OOOF!
HMM! WHAT IS THAT FIVE-LETTER WORD, DARN IT?
THANKS FOR THE HELPING HAND, WOOZY!
BUMP!
BUMP!
BUMP!
BOP! WHAM!
I'VE GOT YOU COMING AND GOING, WORDS!
UHHH!
Later...
VENI!... VIDI!... VICI!
THE VAULT DOOR IS SWINGING OPEN!
THE LOCK WOULDN'T OPEN UNTIL THOSE WORDS WERE SPOKEN BY THE LATE MR. GRENVILLE! THAT'S WHY WE HAD A RECORDING MADE!
IT WAS THE INTONATION OF VOICE THAT DID IT! A DEAD MAN'S WORDS DEFEATED YOU!
Next day...
I STILL WISH I KNEW A FIVE-LETTER WORD MEANING "SYMBOLS CONSTITUTING THE CONSTITUENT UNITS OF SENTENCES..."
THE ANSWER IS "WORDS," WOOZY! JUST "WORDS"!
WOOZY
WELL, IF THAT ISN'T THE LAST WORD IN SOMETHING OR OTHER!

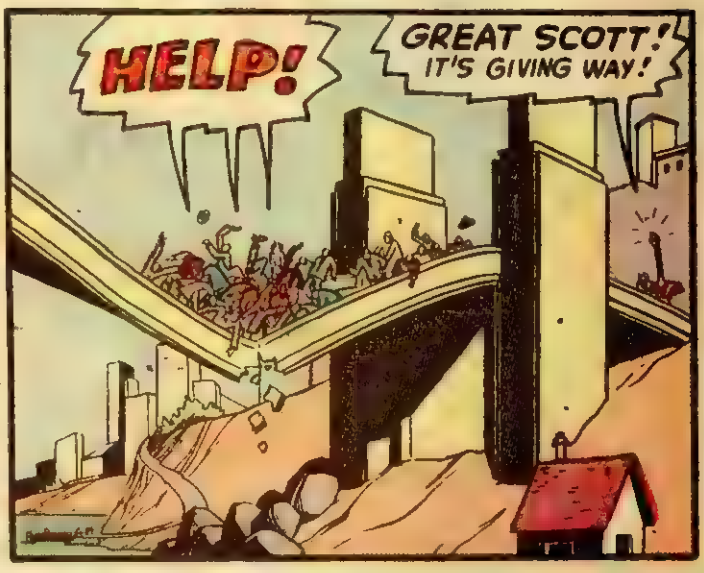
CONCRETE! IT'S PLASTIC MAN!
CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH HIM NOW, DOC! FINISH MY MANICURE!
SPLAT!
A hard guy called CONCRETE had cement in his veins; since brawn couldn't harm him, PLAS had to use BRAINS!
CEMENT

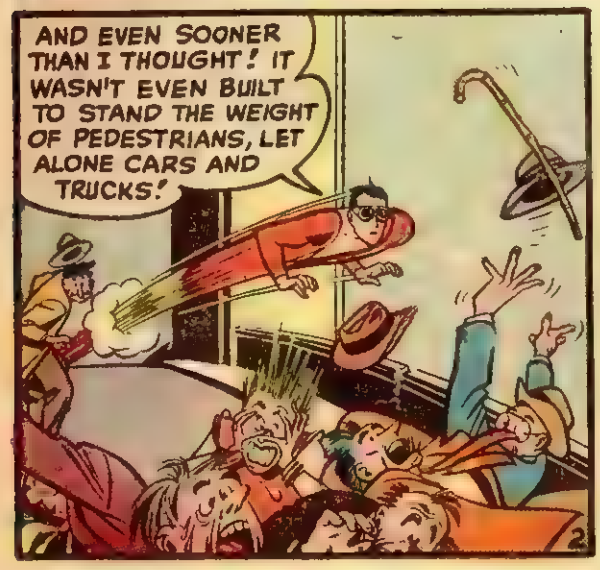
At the opening of a new interstate bridge...

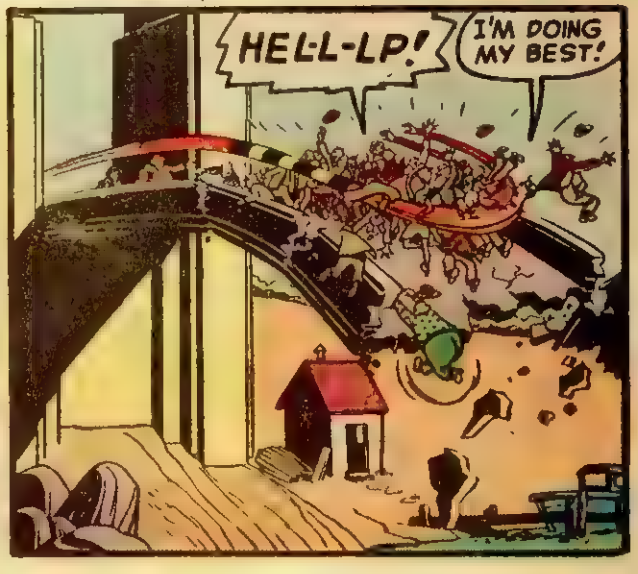

YOU'RE DOING A LOT OF WORRYING ABOUT NOTHING, PLASTIC MAN! THE BRIDGE LOOKS STRONG ENOUGH TO ME!
APPEARANCES CAN BE DECEIVING! EVER SINCE I FOUND OUT THAT MOBSTER CARGILL SUPPLIED THE CONCRETE FOR THIS JOB, I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHETHER IT WOULD STAND UP FOR FIVE MINUTES!

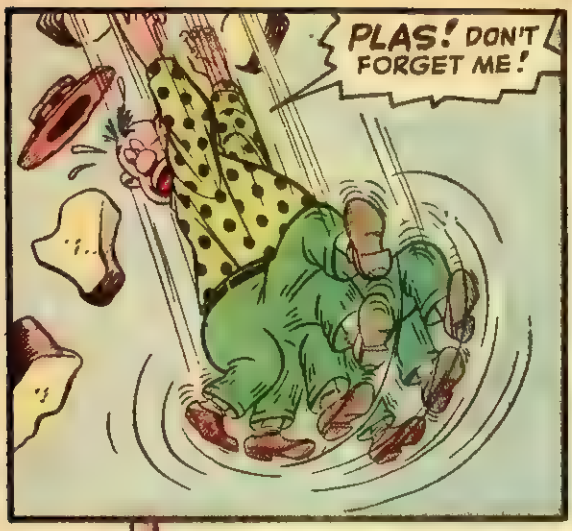


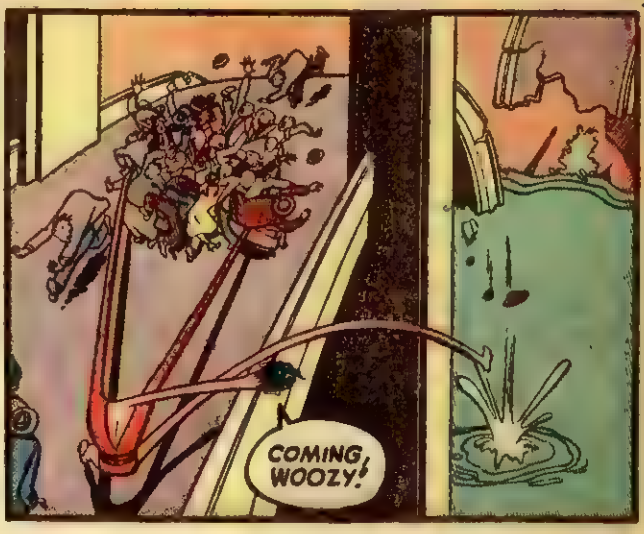

BUT AFTER ALL, PLAS, THE ENGINEERS WOULD HAVE KNOWN IF THE CONCRETE WAS INFERIOR!
ONCE A CROOK LIKE CARGILL GETS HOLD OF A CONTRACT, IT'S A CINCH FOR HIM TO BULLY AND BRIBE HIS WAY OVER ANY OBSTACLES!

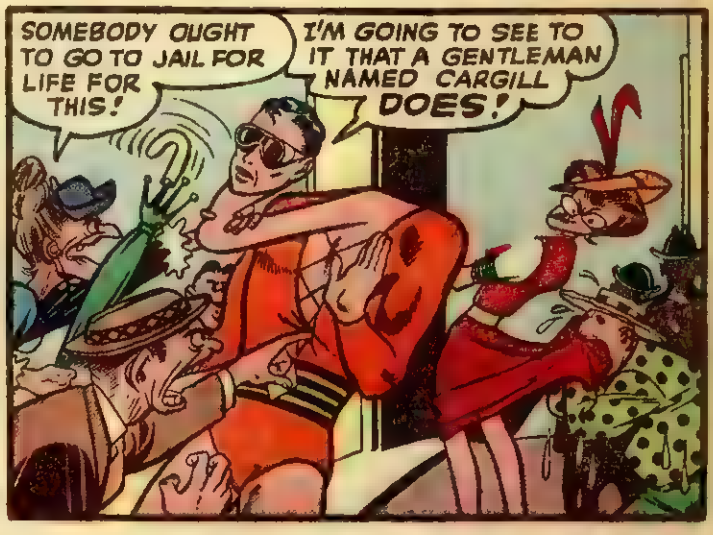




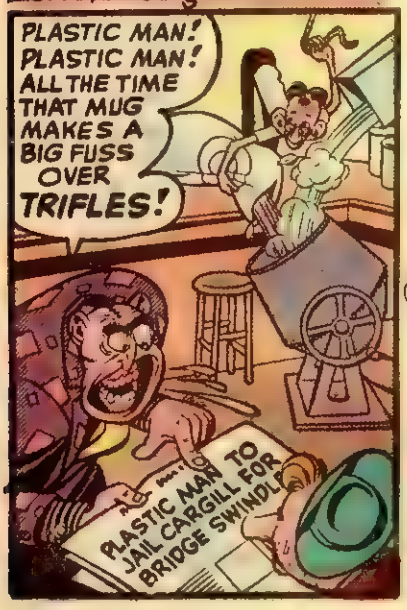


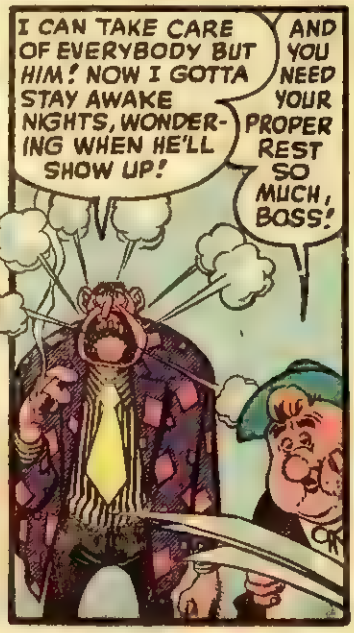


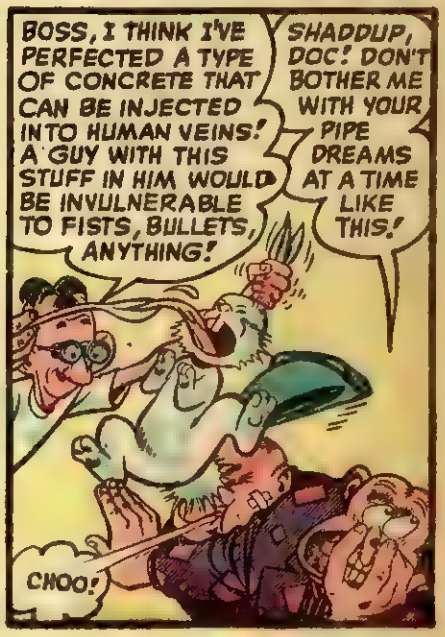


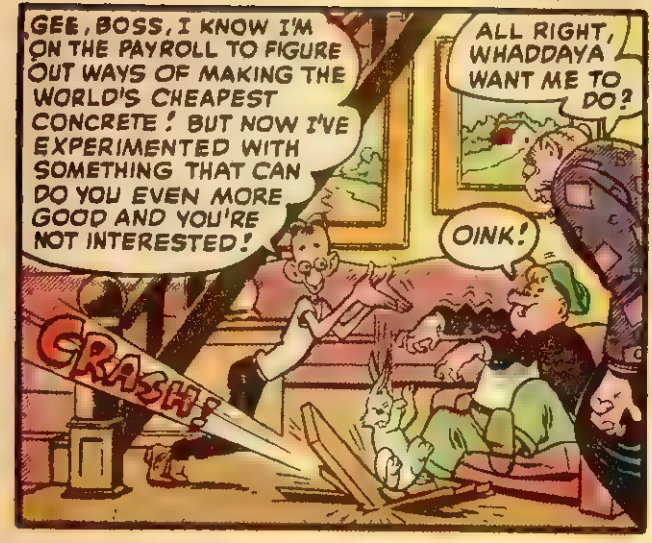


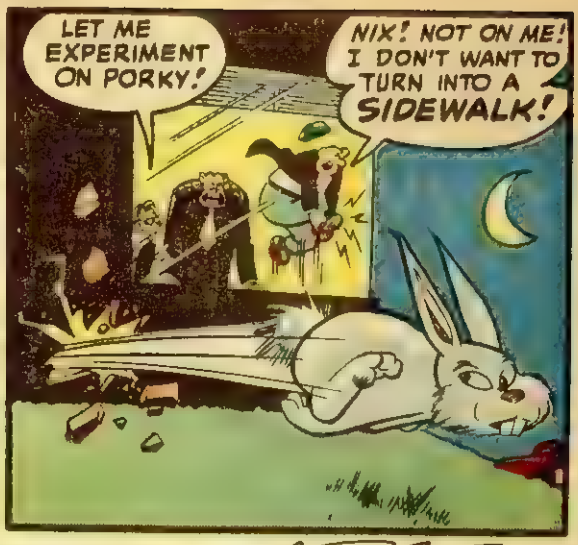
Later, at Cargill's office...

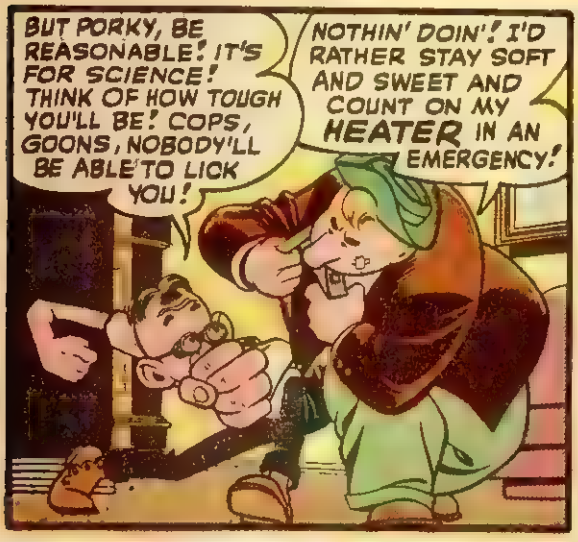

PLASTIC MAN! PLASTIC MAN! ALL THE TIME THAT MUG MAKES A BIG FUSS OVER TRIFLES!
PLASTIC MAN TO JAIL CARGILL FOR BRIDGE SWINDLE

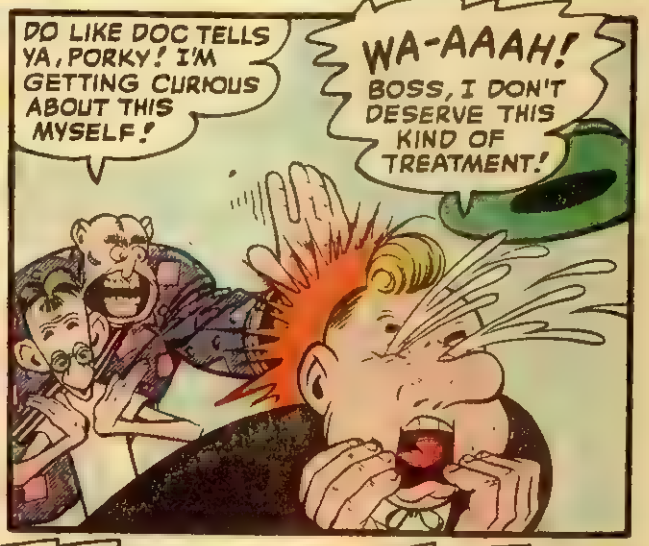

I CAN TAKE CARE OF EVERYBODY BUT HIM! NOW I GOTTA STAY AWAKE NIGHTS, WONDERING WHEN HE'LL SHOW UP!
AND YOU NEED YOUR PROPER REST SO MUCH, BOSS!

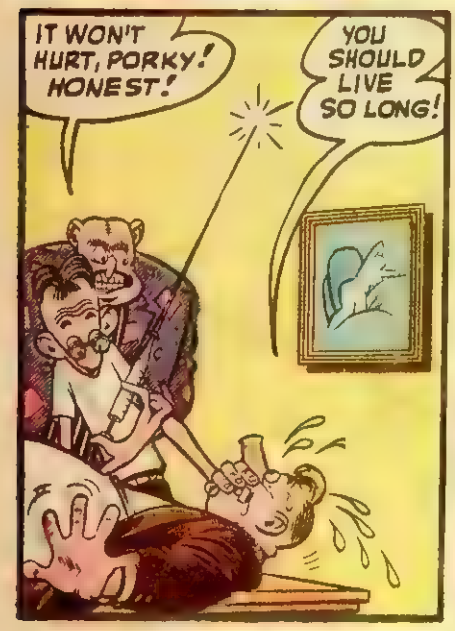

BOSS, I THINK I'VE PERFECTED A TYPE OF CONCRETE THAT CAN BE INJECTED INTO HUMAN VEINS! A GUY WITH THIS STUFF IN HIM WOULD BE INVULNERABLE TO FISTS, BULLETS, ANYTHING!
SHADDUP, DOC! DON'T BOTHER ME WITH YOUR PIPE DREAMS AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
CHOO!

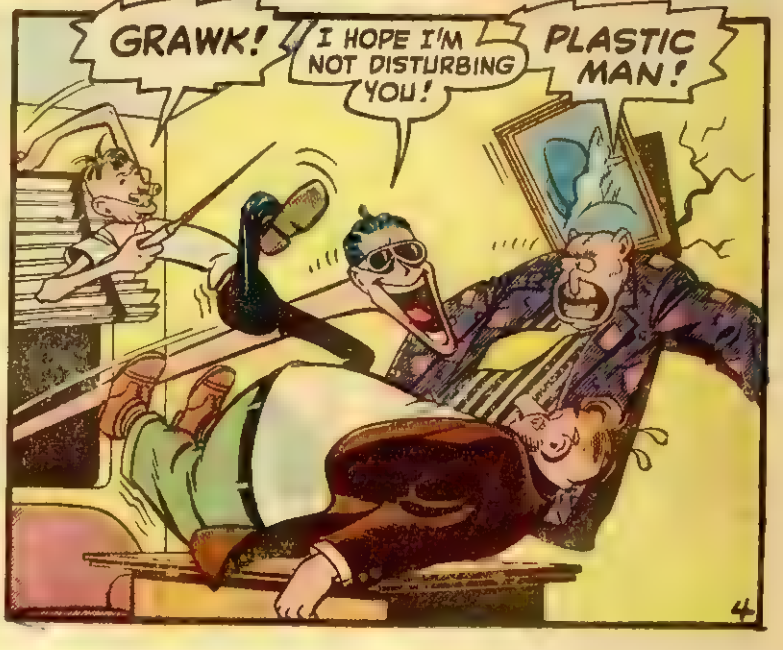

GEE, BOSS, I KNOW I'M ON THE PAYROLL TO FIGURE OUT WAYS OF MAKING THE WORLD'S CHEAPEST CONCRETE! BUT NOW I'VE EXPERIMENTED WITH SOMETHING THAT CAN DO YOU EVEN MORE GOOD AND YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED!
ALL RIGHT, WHADDAYA WANT ME TO DO?
OINK!
CRASH!

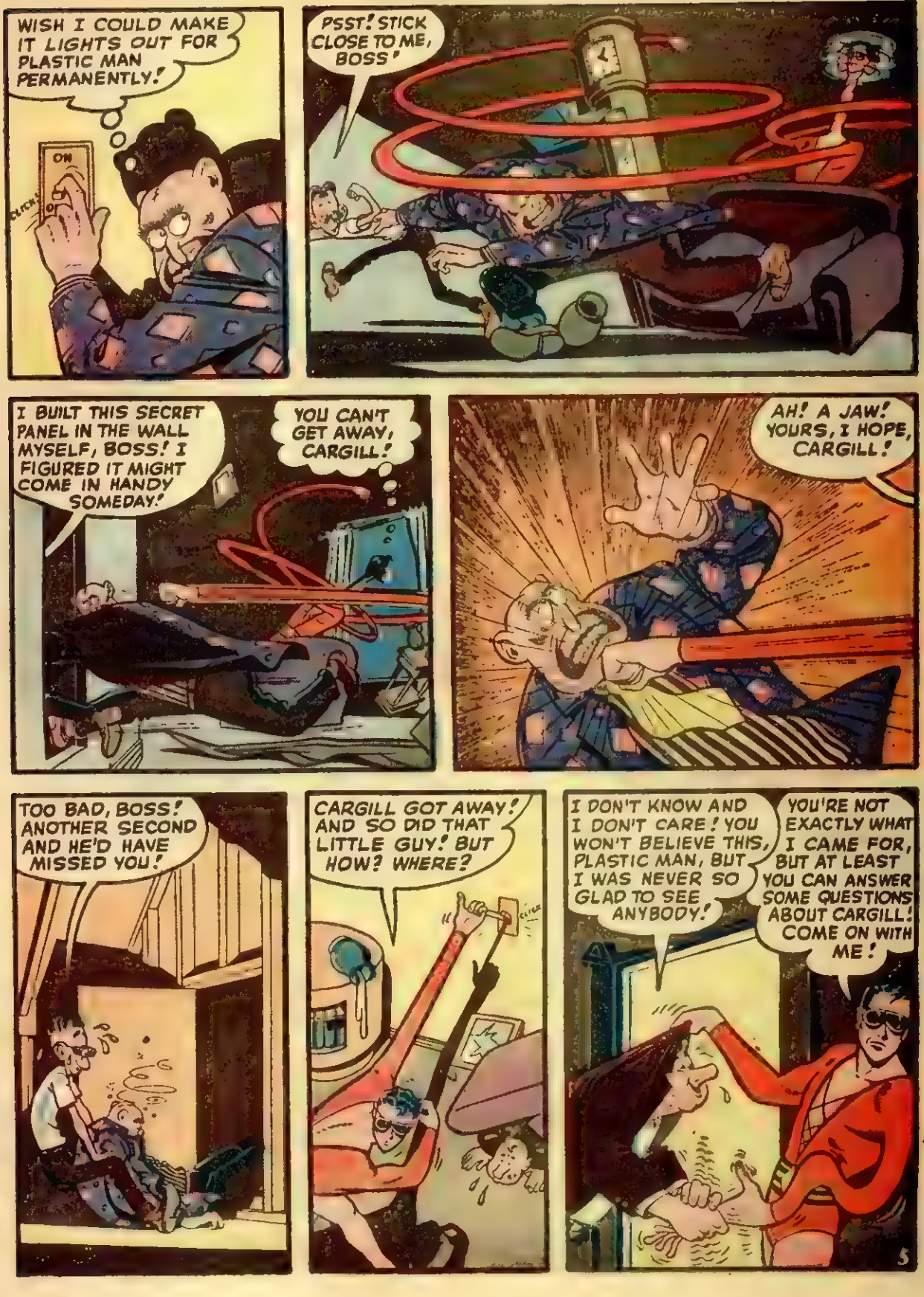

LET ME EXPERIMENT ON PORKY!
NIX! NOT ON ME! I DON'T WANT TO TURN INTO A SIDEWALK!

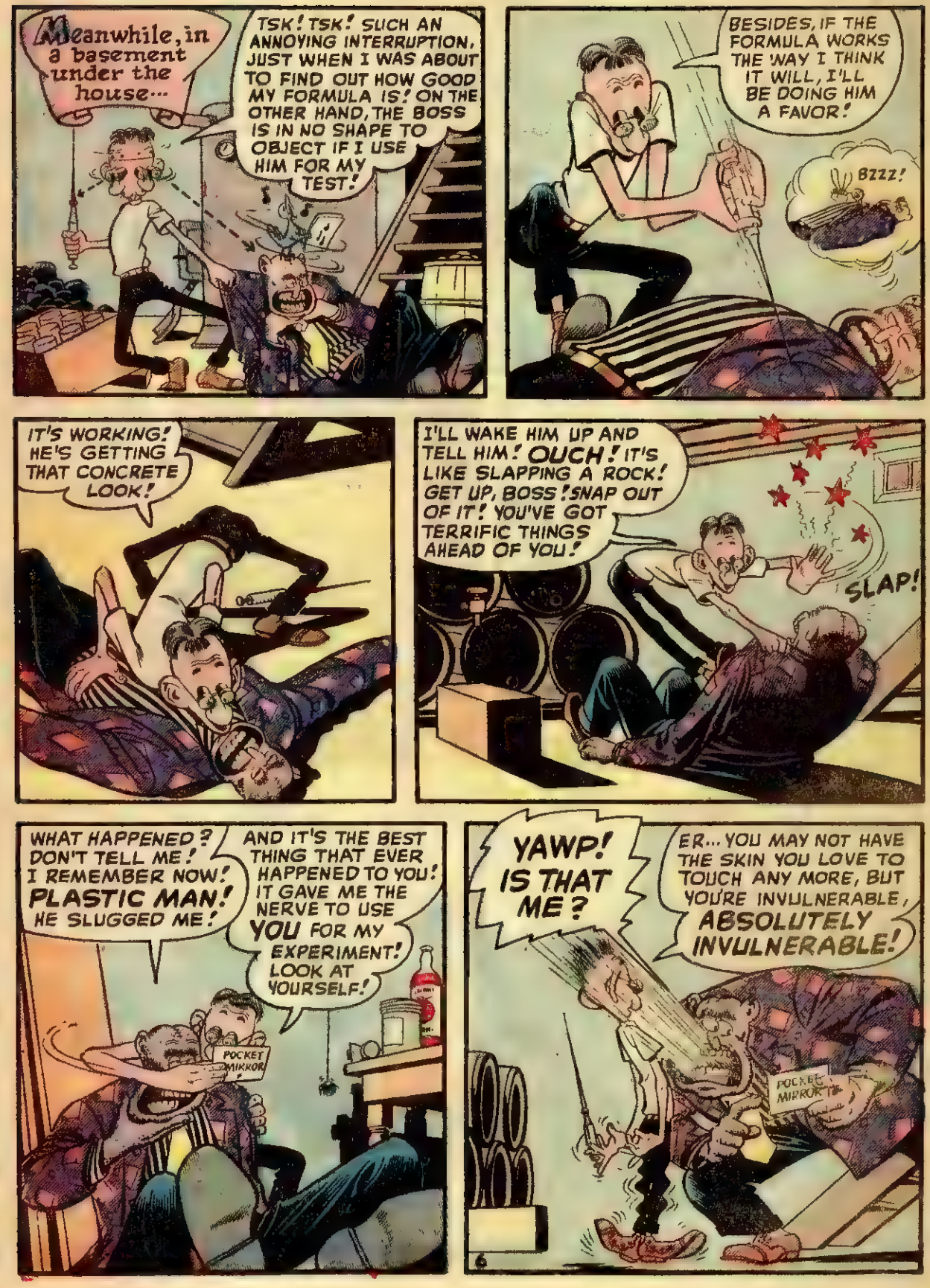

BUT PORKY, BE REASONABLE! IT'S FOR SCIENCE! THINK OF HOW TOUGH YOU'LL BE! COPS, GOONS, NOBODY'LL BE ABLE TO LICK YOU!
NOTHIN' DOIN'! I'D RATHER STAY SOFT AND SWEET AND COUNT ON MY HEATER IN AN EMERGENCY!

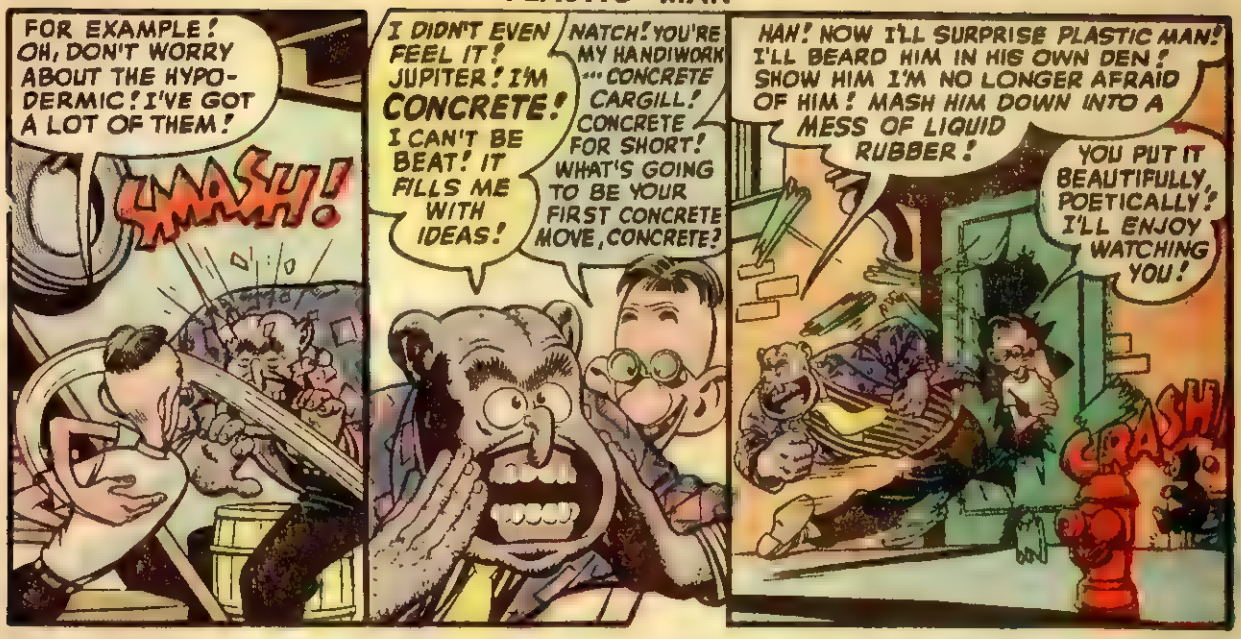

DO LIKE DOC TELLS YA, PORKY! I'M GETTING CURIOUS ABOUT THIS MYSELF!
WA-AAAH!
BOSS, I DON'T DESERVE THIS KIND OF TREATMENT!

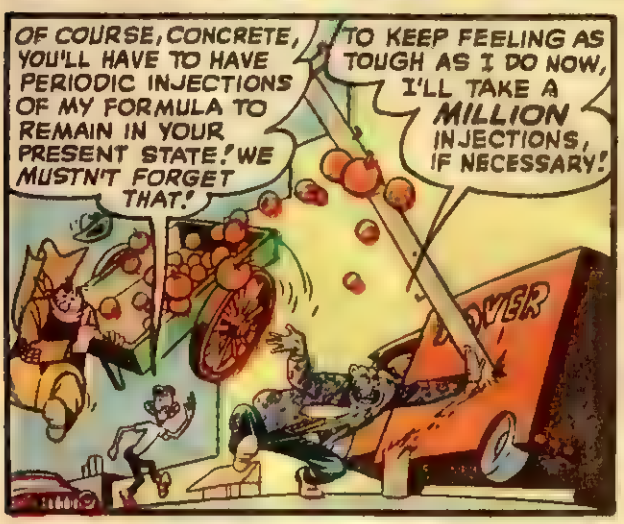

IT WON'T HURT, PORKY! HONEST!
YOU SHOULD LIVE SO LONG!

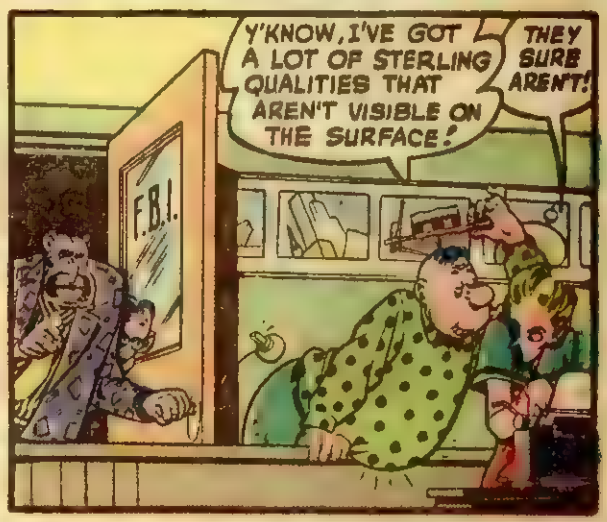

GRAWK!
I HOPE I'M NOT DISTURBING YOU!
PLASTIC MAN!

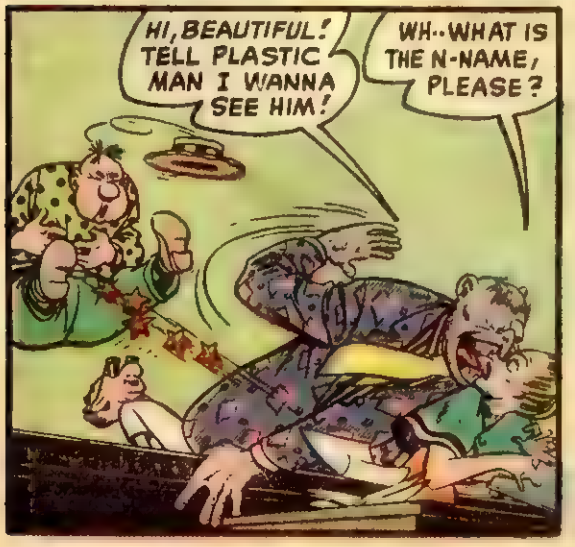

WISH I COULD MAKE IT LIGHTS OUT FOR PLASTIC MAN PERMANENTLY!
ON
CLICK!
PSST! STICK CLOSE TO ME, BOSS!
I BUILT THIS SECRET PANEL IN THE WALL MYSELF, BOSS! I FIGURED IT MIGHT COME IN HANDY SOMEDAY!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY, CARGILL!
AH! A JAW! YOURS, I HOPE, CARGILL!
TOO BAD, BOSS! ANOTHER SECOND AND HE'D HAVE MISSED YOU!
CARGILL GOT AWAY! AND SO DID THAT LITTLE GUY! BUT HOW? WHERE?
CLICK
I DON'T KNOW AND I DON'T CARE! YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS, PLASTIC MAN, BUT I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE ANYBODY!
YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY WHAT I CAME FOR, BUT AT LEAST YOU CAN ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT CARGILL! COME ON WITH ME!

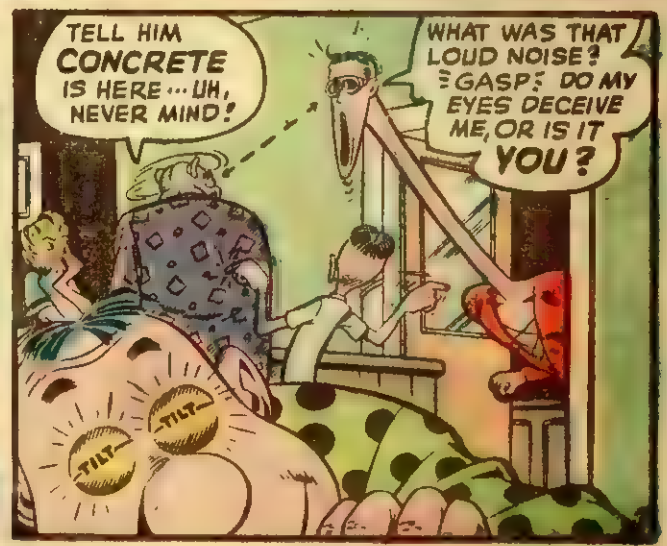

Meanwhile, in a basement under the house...
TSK! TSK! SUCH AN ANNOYING INTERRUPTION. JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO FIND OUT HOW GOOD MY FORMULA IS! ON THE OTHER HAND, THE BOSS IS IN NO SHAPE TO OBJECT IF I USE HIM FOR MY TEST!
BESIDES, IF THE FORMULA WORKS THE WAY I THINK IT WILL, I'LL BE DOING HIM A FAVOR!
BZZZ!
IT'S WORKING! HE'S GETTING THAT CONCRETE LOOK!
I'LL WAKE HIM UP AND TELL HIM! OUCH! IT'S LIKE SLAPPING A ROCK! GET UP, BOSS! SNAP OUT OF IT! YOU'VE GOT TERRIFIC THINGS AHEAD OF YOU!
SLAP!
WHAT HAPPENED? DON'T TELL ME! I REMEMBER NOW! PLASTIC MAN! HE SLUGGED ME!
AND IT'S THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO YOU! IT GAVE ME THE NERVE TO USE YOU FOR MY EXPERIMENT! LOOK AT YOURSELF!
POCKET MIRROR
YAWP! IS THAT ME?
ER... YOU MAY NOT HAVE THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH ANY MORE, BUT YOU'RE INVULNERABLE, ABSOLUTELY INVULNERABLE!
POCKET MIRROR
6

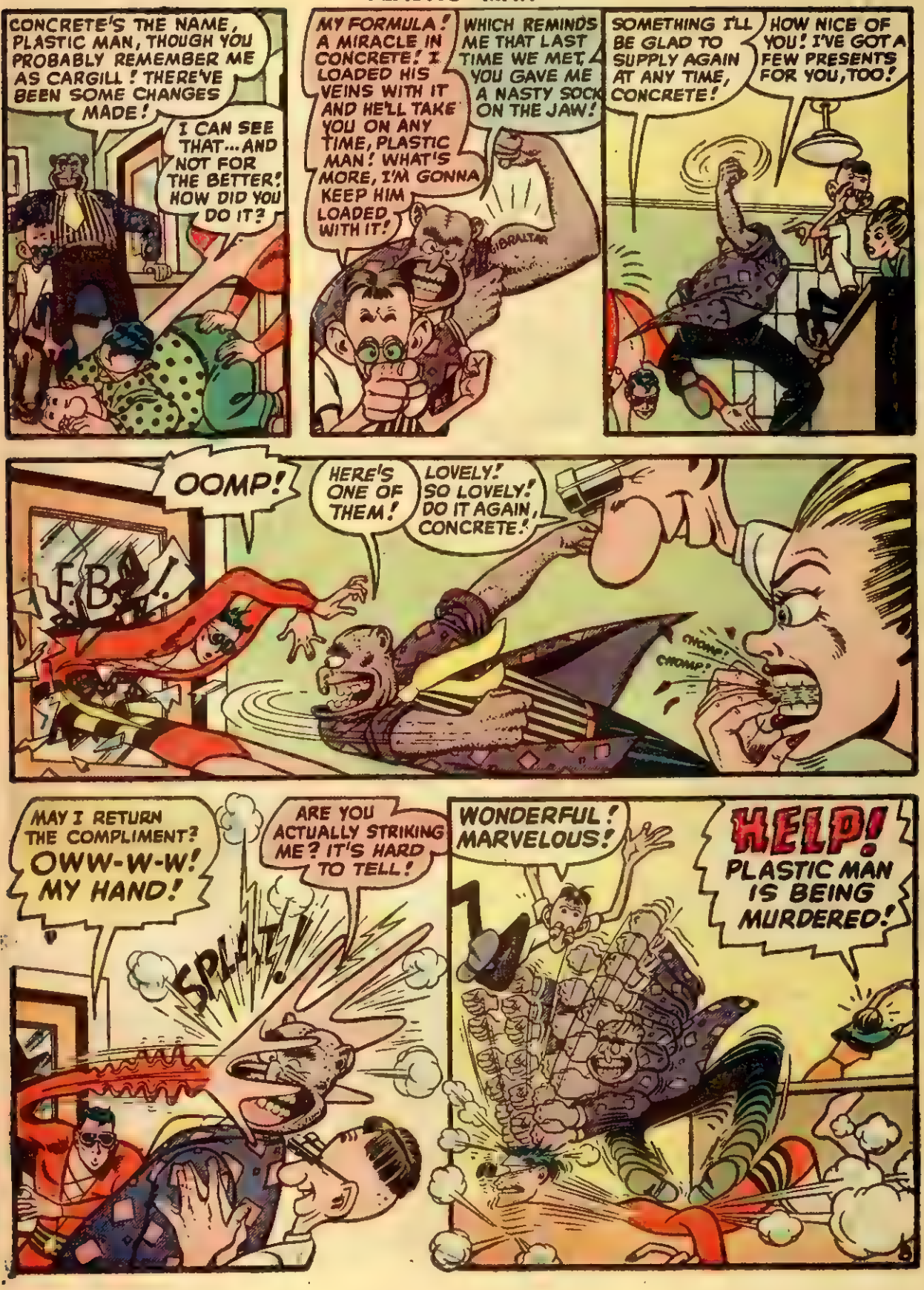

FOR EXAMPLE! OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE HYPO-DERMIC! I'VE GOT A LOT OF THEM!
SMASH!
I DIDN'T EVEN FEEL IT! JUPITER! I'M CONCRETE! I CAN'T BE BEAT! IT FILLS ME WITH IDEAS!
NATCH! YOU'RE MY HANDIWORK ... CONCRETE CARGILL! CONCRETE FOR SHORT! WHAT'S GOING TO BE YOUR FIRST CONCRETE MOVE, CONCRETE?
HAH! NOW I'LL SURPRISE PLASTIC MAN! I'LL BEARD HIM IN HIS OWN DEN! SHOW HIM I'M NO LONGER AFRAID OF HIM! MASH HIM DOWN INTO A MESS OF LIQUID RUBBER!
YOU PUT IT BEAUTIFULLY, POETICALLY! I'LL ENJOY WATCHING YOU!
CRASH!


OF COURSE, CONCRETE, YOU'LL HAVE TO HAVE PERIODIC INJECTIONS OF MY FORMULA TO REMAIN IN YOUR PRESENT STATE! WE MUSTN'T FORGET THAT!
TO KEEP FEELING AS TOUGH AS I DO NOW, I'LL TAKE A MILLION INJECTIONS, IF NECESSARY!

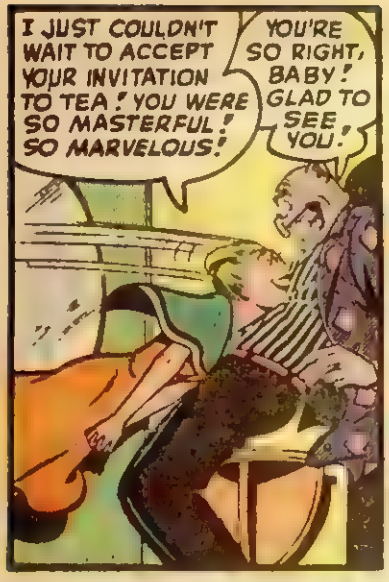

Y'KNOW, I'VE GOT A LOT OF STERLING QUALITIES THAT AREN'T VISIBLE ON THE SURFACE!
THEY SURE AREN'T!
F.B.I.

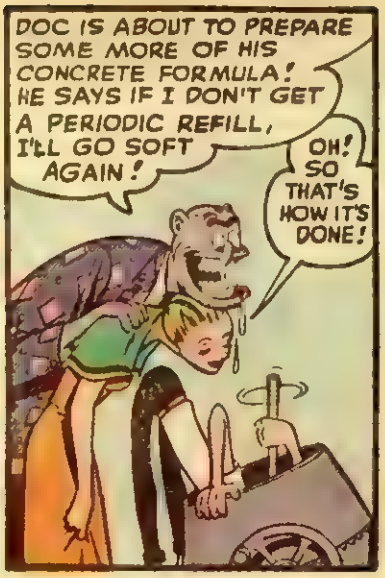

HI, BEAUTIFUL! TELL PLASTIC MAN I WANNA SEE HIM!
WH-WHAT IS THE N-NAME, PLEASE?


TELL HIM CONCRETE IS HERE ... UH, NEVER MIND!
WHAT WAS THAT LOUD NOISE? =GASP= DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME, OR IS IT YOU?
TILT
TILT
TILT

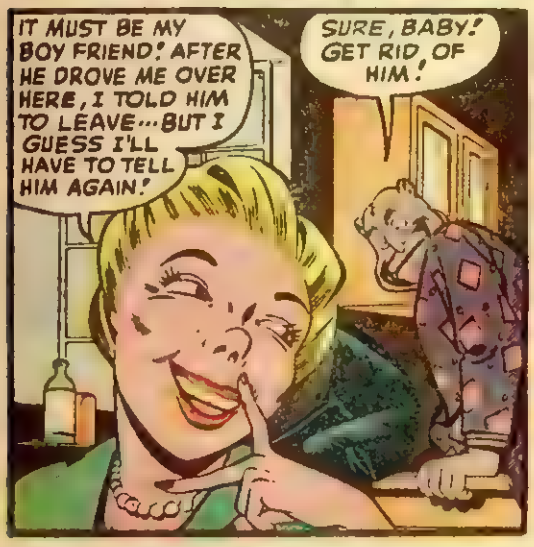

CONCRETE'S THE NAME, PLASTIC MAN, THOUGH YOU PROBABLY REMEMBER ME AS CARGILL! THERE'VE BEEN SOME CHANGES MADE!
I CAN SEE THAT... AND NOT FOR THE BETTER! HOW DID YOU DO IT?
MY FORMULA! A MIRACLE IN CONCRETE! I LOADED HIS VEINS WITH IT AND HE'LL TAKE YOU ON ANY TIME, PLASTIC MAN! WHAT'S MORE, I'M GONNA KEEP HIM LOADED WITH IT!
WHICH REMINDS ME THAT LAST TIME WE MET, YOU GAVE ME A NASTY SOCK ON THE JAW!
GIBRALTAR
SOMETHING I'LL BE GLAD TO SUPPLY AGAIN AT ANY TIME, CONCRETE!
HOW NICE OF YOU! I'VE GOT A FEW PRESENTS FOR YOU, TOO!
OOMP!
F.B.I.
HERE'S ONE OF THEM!
LOVELY! SO LOVELY! DO IT AGAIN, CONCRETE!
CHOMP!
CHOMP!
MAY I RETURN THE COMPLIMENT? OWW-W-W! MY HAND!
ARE YOU ACTUALLY STRIKING ME? IT'S HARD TO TELL!
SPLAT!
WONDERFUL! MARVELOUS!
HELP! PLASTIC MAN IS BEING MURDERED!

NICE WORK, CONCRETE, BUT IT'S TIME TO BLOW NOW! THAT GIRL'LL HAVE THE G-MEN DOWN ON US WITH TOMMY GUNS IN A MINUTE!
SHUCKS! I COULD HAVE FINISHED HIM IN TWO MORE MINUTES!
DROP IN FOR TEA SOMETIME, ANGEL! I'D LIKE TO KNOW YOU BETTER!
STOP OR WE'LL SHOOT!
DOC! THEY'RE CHIPPING HUNKS OFF ME!
I KNOW! THAT'S WHY WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE! BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE CHIPS! I'LL REPLACE THEM WITH AN EXTRA DOSE OF MY FORMULA!
BAM! BANG!
OH, PLASTIC MAN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES! HOW'S WOOZY?
A SAFE FELL ON ME! NOBODY CAN TELL ME DIFFERENT!
SINCE CARGILL HAS THE HARDNESS OF CONCRETE, IT'S A CINCH I CAN'T COPE WITH HIM AS HE IS NOW!
WOOZY, YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME, AND YOU, TOO, MISS DUFF!
SURE, PLAS!
YES, SIR!
BOY, IT SURE FEELS GREAT NOT TO HAVE TO WORRY EVERY TIME THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!

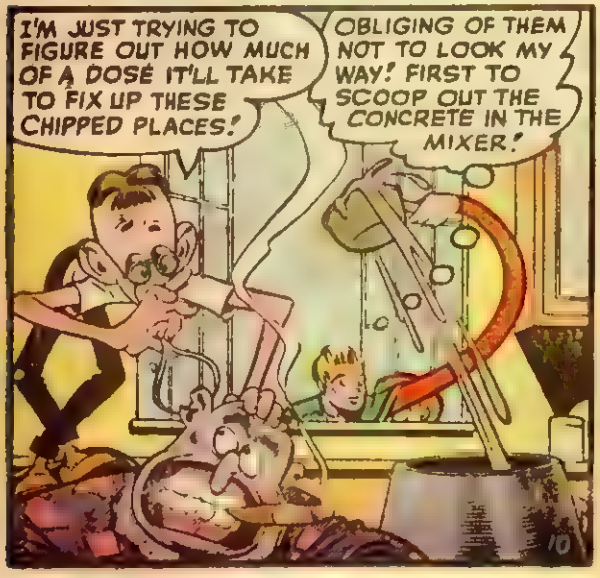

I JUST COULDN'T WAIT TO ACCEPT YOUR INVITATION TO TEA! YOU WERE SO MASTERFUL! SO MARVELOUS!
YOU'RE SO RIGHT, BABY! GLAD TO SEE YOU!

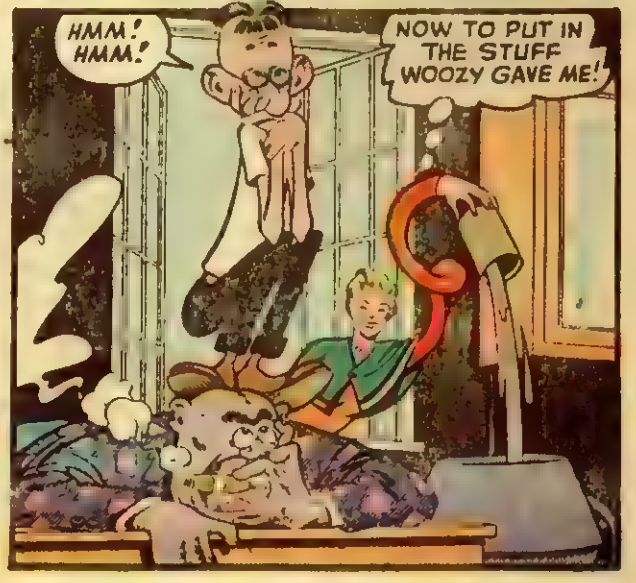

DOC IS ABOUT TO PREPARE SOME MORE OF HIS CONCRETE FORMULA! HE SAYS IF I DON'T GET A PERIODIC REFILL, I'LL GO SOFT AGAIN!
OH! SO THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE!

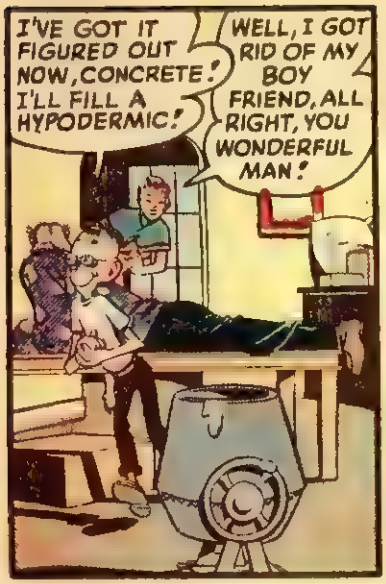
LIE DOWN HERE AND RELAX, CONCRETE! IT HELPS THE FORMULA WORK IF YOU'RE RELAXED!
WHAT'S THAT WHISTLE OUT THERE?
TWEET
TWEET


IT MUST BE MY BOY FRIEND! AFTER HE DROVE ME OVER HERE, I TOLD HIM TO LEAVE... BUT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TELL HIM AGAIN!
SURE, BABY! GET RID OF HIM!

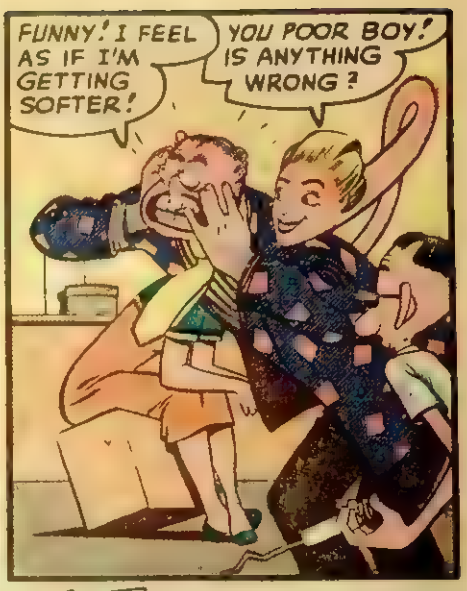
I BROUGHT IT, PLAS!
THANKS, WOOZY!

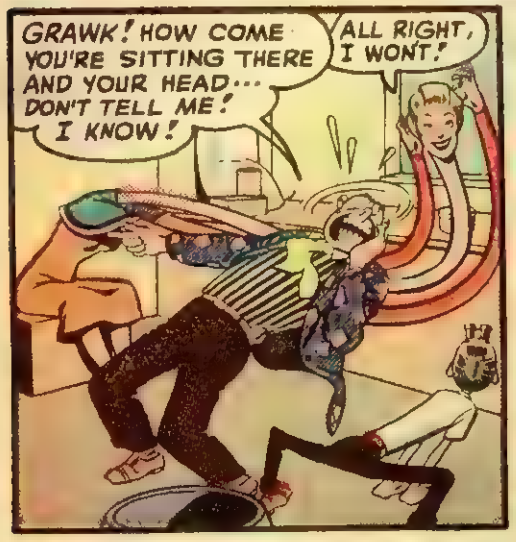

I'M JUST TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW MUCH OF A DOSE IT'LL TAKE TO FIX UP THESE CHIPPED PLACES!
OBLIGING OF THEM NOT TO LOOK MY WAY! FIRST TO SCOOP OUT THE CONCRETE IN THE MIXER!

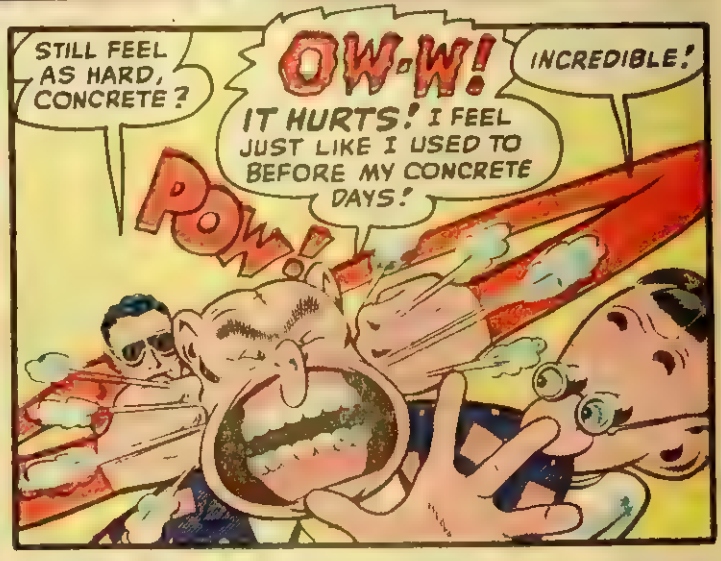

HMM! HMM!
NOW TO PUT IN THE STUFF WOOZY GAVE ME!

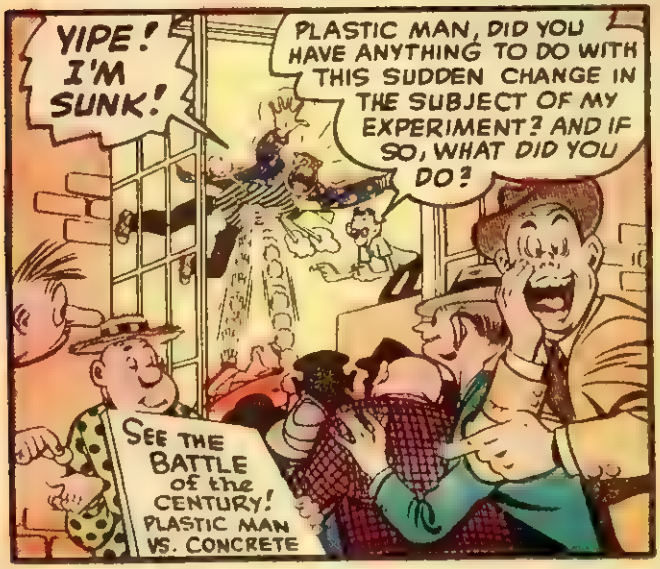

I'VE GOT IT FIGURED OUT NOW, CONCRETE! I'LL FILL A HYPODERMIC!
WELL, I GOT RID OF MY BOY FRIEND, ALL RIGHT, YOU WONDERFUL MAN!

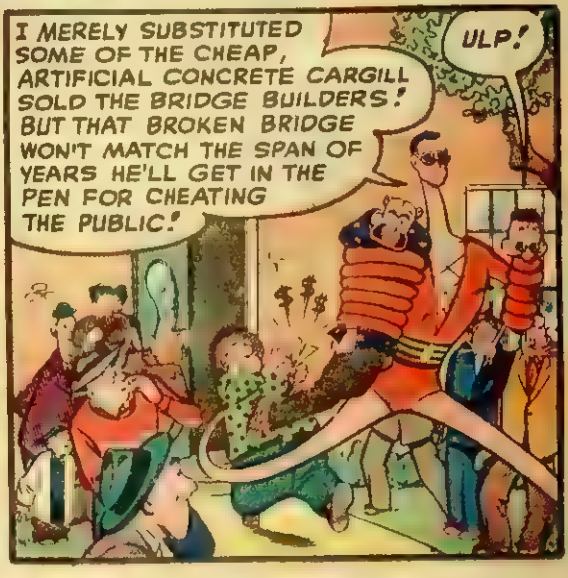
THERE! THIS'LL MAKE YOU HARDER THAN YOU WERE BEFORE AND IT OUGHT TO FIX UP THE CHIPPED PLACES, TOO!


FUNNY! I FEEL AS IF I'M GETTING SOFTER!
YOU POOR BOY! IS ANYTHING WRONG?

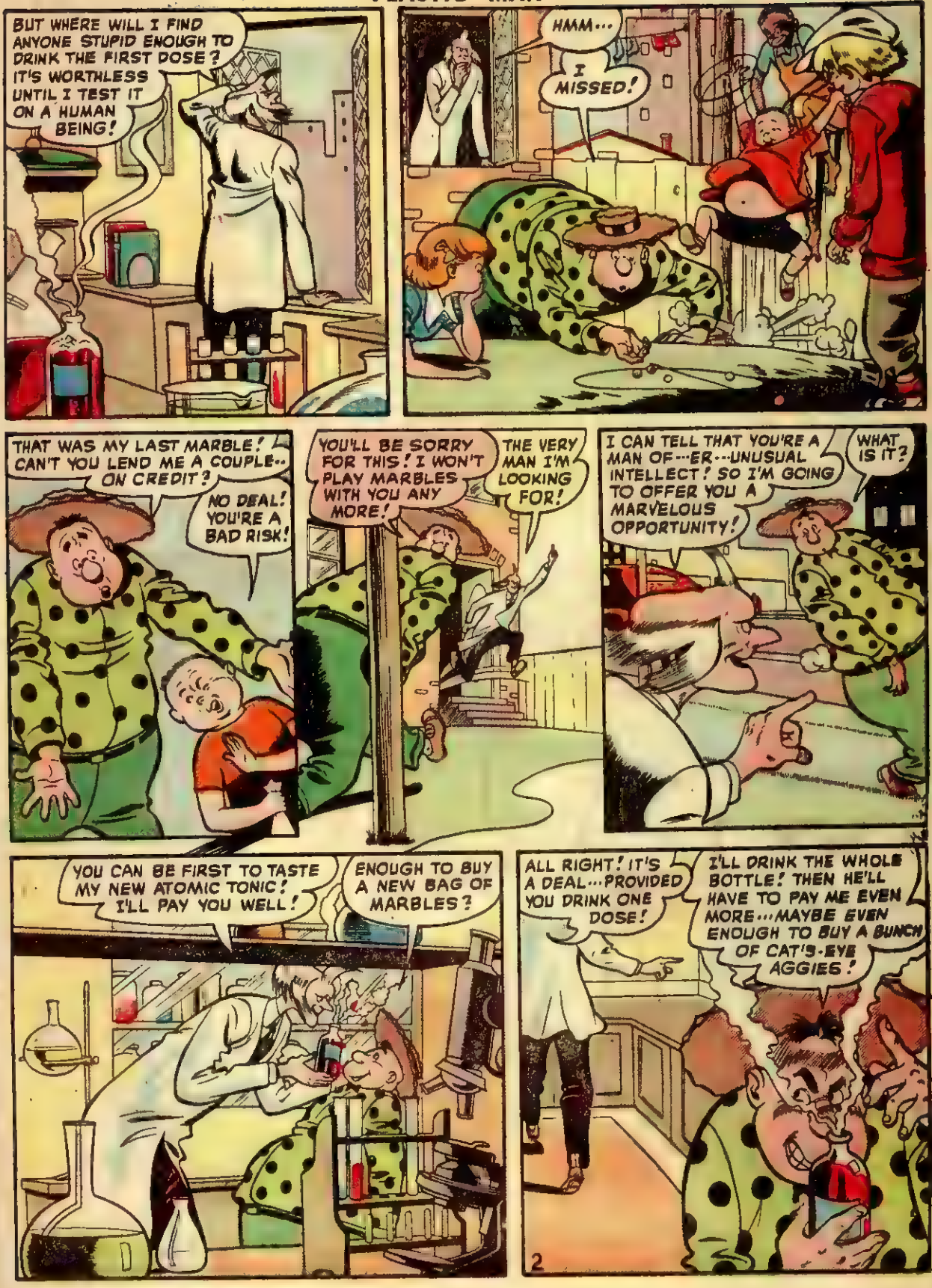

GRAWK! HOW COME YOU'RE SITTING THERE AND YOUR HEAD... DON'T TELL ME! I KNOW!
ALL RIGHT, I WON'T!

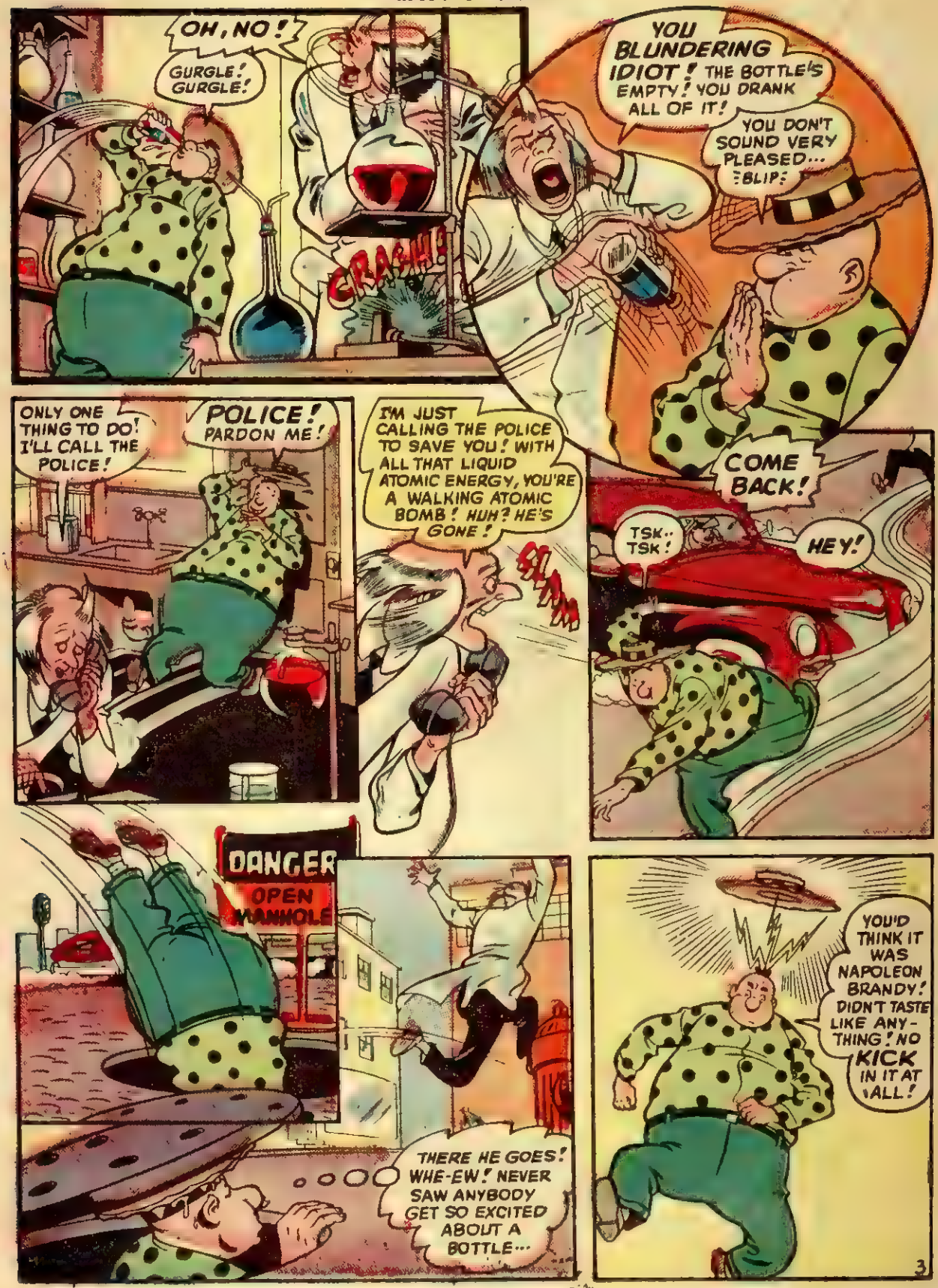

STILL FEEL AS HARD, CONCRETE?
OW-W!
IT HURTS! I FEEL JUST LIKE I USED TO BEFORE MY CONCRETE DAYS!
INCREDIBLE!
POW!

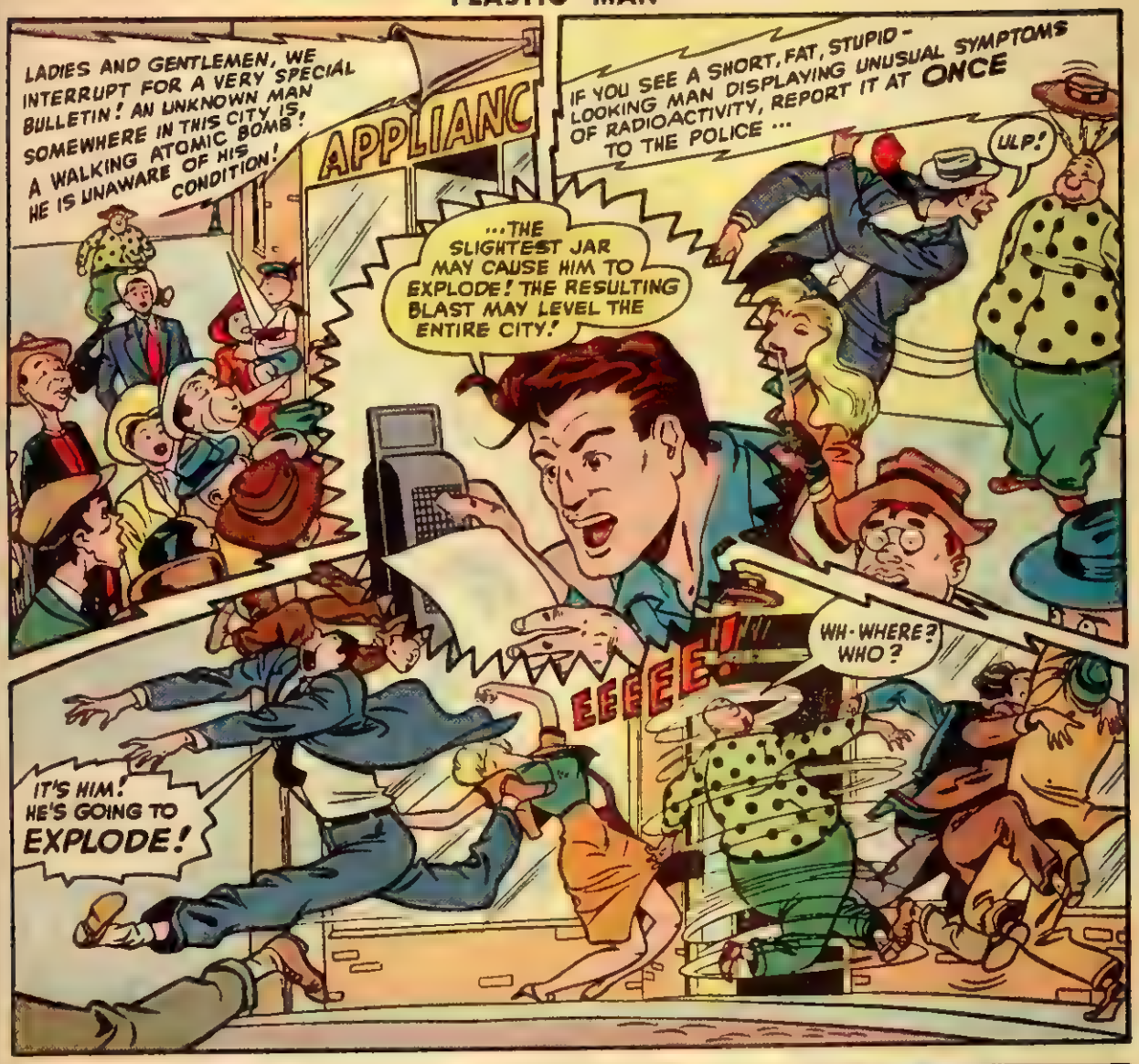

YIPE! I'M SUNK!
PLASTIC MAN, DID YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE SUBJECT OF MY EXPERIMENT? AND IF SO, WHAT DID YOU DO?
SEE THE BATTLE of the CENTURY! PLASTIC MAN VS. CONCRETE

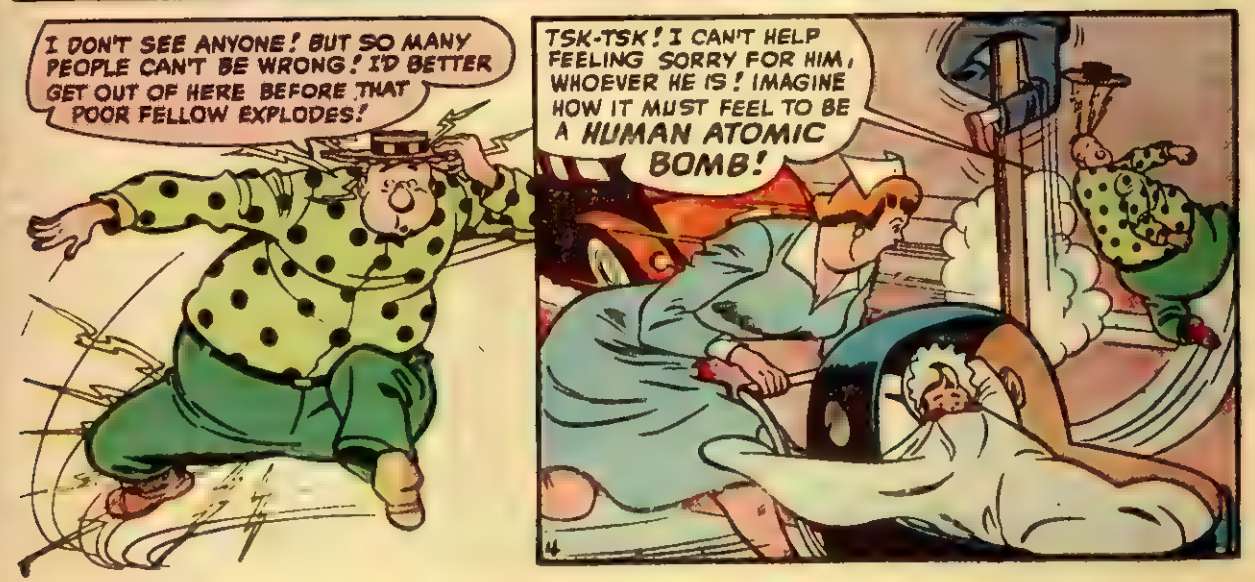

I MERELY SUBSTITUTED SOME OF THE CHEAP, ARTIFICIAL CONCRETE CARGILL SOLD THE BRIDGE BUILDERS! BUT THAT BROKEN BRIDGE WON'T MATCH THE SPAN OF YEARS HE'LL GET IN THE PEN FOR CHEATING THE PUBLIC!
ULP!

WOOZY
ATTENTION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! A SHORT, FAT, STUPID-LOOKING MAN SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY IS A WALKING ATOMIC BOMB! HE IS UNAWARE OF HIS CONDITION!
HOTEL ESTOR
TIVOLI
TUPPER
POND
IT'S FINISHED! HA-HA-HA-HA!
I, JAMES CARVER, HAVE CONCOCTED THE FIRST TONIC WHICH GIVES OUT ATOMIC ENERGY! I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE WITH IT! IT MAY EVEN REPLACE VITAMINS!


BUT WHERE WILL I FIND ANYONE STUPID ENOUGH TO DRINK THE FIRST DOSE? IT'S WORTHLESS UNTIL I TEST IT ON A HUMAN BEING!
HMM... I MISSED!
THAT WAS MY LAST MARBLE! CAN'T YOU LEND ME A COUPLE.. ON CREDIT?
NO DEAL! YOU'RE A BAD RISK!
YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS! I WON'T PLAY MARBLES WITH YOU ANY MORE!
THE VERY MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!
I CAN TELL THAT YOU'RE A MAN OF--ER--UNUSUAL INTELLECT! SO I'M GOING TO OFFER YOU A MARVELOUS OPPORTUNITY!
WHAT IS IT?
YOU CAN BE FIRST TO TASTE MY NEW ATOMIC TONIC! I'LL PAY YOU WELL!
ENOUGH TO BUY A NEW BAG OF MARBLES?
ALL RIGHT! IT'S A DEAL--PROVIDED YOU DRINK ONE DOSE!
I'LL DRINK THE WHOLE BOTTLE! THEN HE'LL HAVE TO PAY ME EVEN MORE--MAYBE EVEN ENOUGH TO BUY A BUNCH OF CAT'S-EYE AGGIES!
2

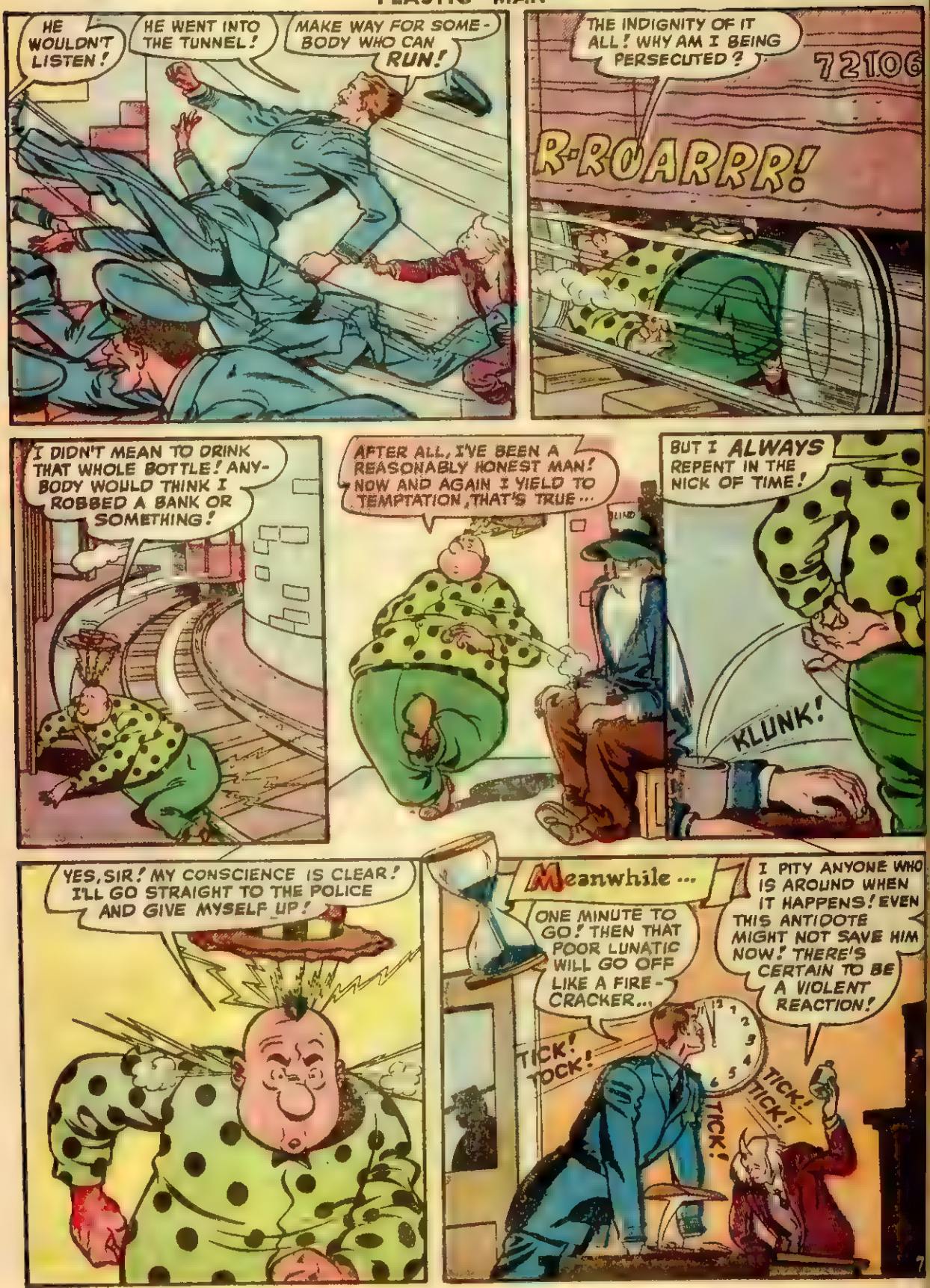

OH, NO!
GURGLE! GURGLE!
CRASH!
YOU BLUNDERING IDIOT! THE BOTTLE'S EMPTY! YOU DRANK ALL OF IT!
YOU DON'T SOUND VERY PLEASED...
:BLIP:
ONLY ONE THING TO DO! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
POLICE! PARDON ME!
I'M JUST CALLING THE POLICE TO SAVE YOU! WITH ALL THAT LIQUID ATOMIC ENERGY, YOU'RE A WALKING ATOMIC BOMB! HUH? HE'S GONE!
SLAM
COME BACK!
TSK.. TSK!
HEY!
DANGER
OPEN MANHOLE
THERE HE GOES! WHE-EW! NEVER SAW ANYBODY GET SO EXCITED ABOUT A BOTTLE...
YOU'D THINK IT WAS NAPOLEON BRANDY! DIDN'T TASTE LIKE ANY-THING! NO KICK IN IT AT ALL!

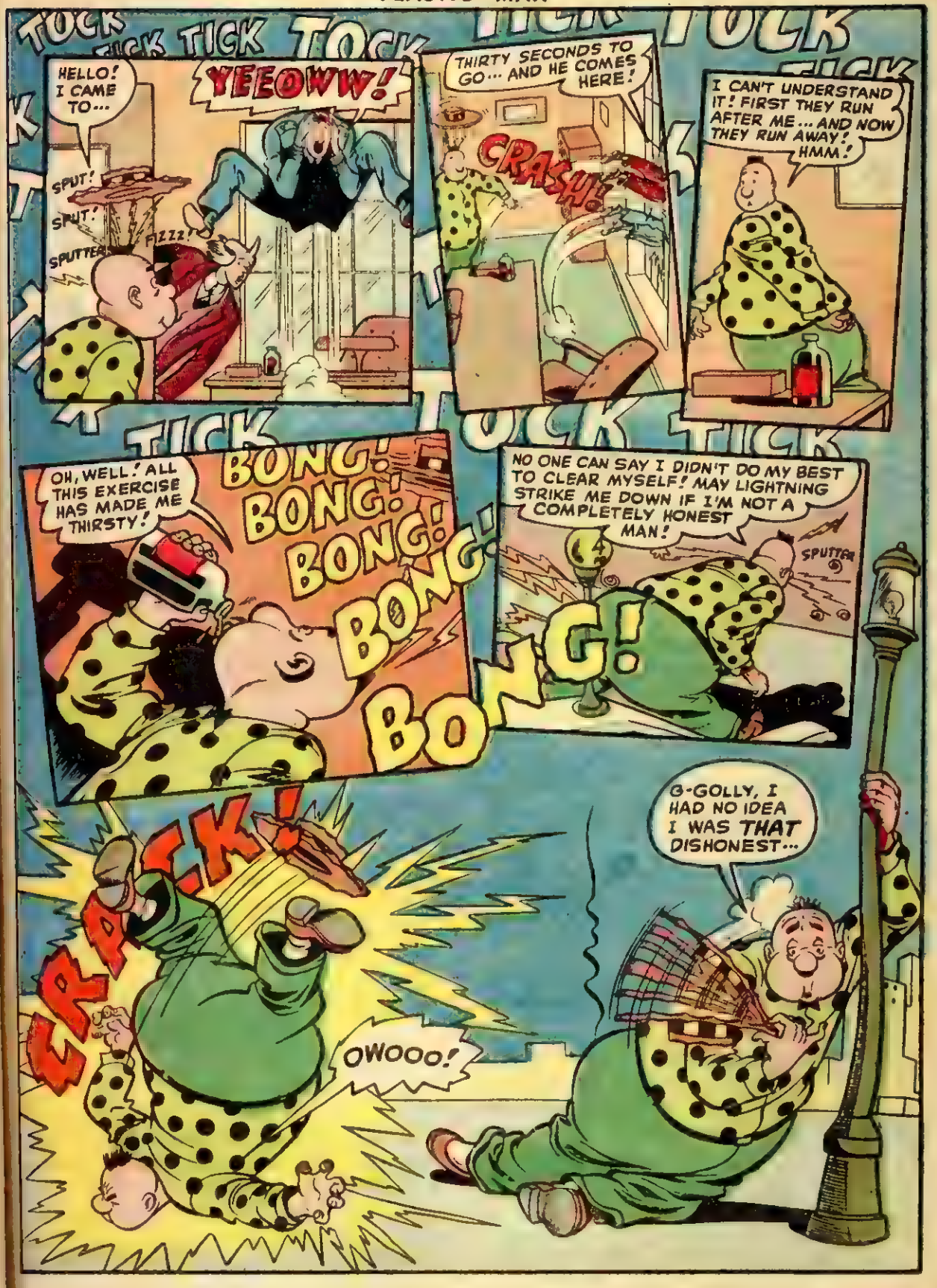

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE INTERRUPT FOR A VERY SPECIAL BULLETIN! AN UNKNOWN MAN SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY IS, A WALKING ATOMIC BOMB! HE IS UNAWARE OF HIS CONDITION!
APPLIANC
IF YOU SEE A SHORT, FAT, STUPID - LOOKING MAN DISPLAYING UNUSUAL SYMPTOMS OF RADIOACTIVITY, REPORT IT AT ONCE TO THE POLICE ...
ULP!
...THE SLIGHTEST JAR MAY CAUSE HIM TO EXPLODE! THE RESULTING BLAST MAY LEVEL THE ENTIRE CITY!
EEEEE!
WH-WHERE? WHO?
IT'S HIM! HE'S GOING TO EXPLODE!


I DON'T SEE ANYONE! BUT SO MANY PEOPLE CAN'T BE WRONG! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT POOR FELLOW EXPLODES!
TSK-TSK! I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY FOR HIM, WHOEVER HE IS! IMAGINE HOW IT MUST FEEL TO BE A HUMAN ATOMIC BOMB!

Meanwhile, at Police headquarters...
IT'S ELEVEN O'CLOCK! IF SOME UNEXPECTED JAR DOESN'T SET HIM OFF, THE MIXTURE OF CHEMICALS IN HIS BODY WILL CAUSE HIM TO EXPLODE PRECISELY AT NOON!
TICK!
TICK!
TICK!
TICK!
THAT GIVES US ONE HOUR! WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?
I INVENTED THIS ANTIDOTE! A FEW SWALLOWS WILL COUNTERACT THE EFFECT OF THE ATOMIC TONIC...
BUT IT'S UP TO YOU TO FIND HIM!
IT'D BE JUST AS EASY TO FIND A SAFETY PIN IN A GRAIN WAREHOUSE... ANSWER THAT PHONE!
R-RIN-NG!
A RIOT AT LENNOX AND FRANK STREETS? A CROWD LISTENING TO THE RADIO SAW HIM? OKAY, I'VE GOT IT!
WE'VE FOUND HIM!
ROLL OUT THE SQUAD CARS! WE CAN STILL KEEP HIM FROM BLOWING UP THE WHOLE Cooxx#!!?¤ CITY!
WEE EEEEE!
POLICE
GOLLY! WHAT'S CAUSING ALL THE EXCITE-MENT?
THERE HE IS!
AWRRK!
SUBWAY

IT'S THAT NUTTY SCIENTIST! HE'S CALLED OUT THE WHOLE POLICE DEPARTMENT!
NO! WAIT...
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHY'D YOU HOLD ME BACK?
YOU MUSTN'T ALARM HIM! SUPPOSE HE TRIPPED AND FELL? WE'D ALL BE BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS!
HE'S RIGHT! EASY DOES IT, MEN!
YOO-HOO! WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU...
YOU CAN'T RAIL-ROAD ME! I'M INNOCENT!
ALL I DID WAS... HELP!
LOOK OUT! HE'S LOSING HIS BALANCE!
OHHHH! DID HE GO OFF YET?
I D-D-DON'T T-T-THINK S-SO!
PLOP!
TOOT-TOOT!
THERE'S A TRAIN COMING YOU FOOL! DON'T GO IN THERE!


HE WOULDN'T LISTEN!
HE WENT INTO THE TUNNEL!
MAKE WAY FOR SOMEBODY WHO CAN RUN!
THE INDIGNITY OF IT ALL! WHY AM I BEING PERSECUTED?
72106
R-ROARRR!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO DRINK THAT WHOLE BOTTLE! ANYBODY WOULD THINK I ROBBED A BANK OR SOMETHING!
AFTER ALL, I'VE BEEN A REASONABLY HONEST MAN! NOW AND AGAIN I YIELD TO TEMPTATION, THAT'S TRUE...
BUT I ALWAYS REPENT IN THE NICK OF TIME!
KLUNK!
YES, SIR! MY CONSCIENCE IS CLEAR! I'LL GO STRAIGHT TO THE POLICE AND GIVE MYSELF UP!
Meanwhile...
ONE MINUTE TO GO! THEN THAT POOR LUNATIC WILL GO OFF LIKE A FIRE-CRACKER...
I PITY ANYONE WHO IS AROUND WHEN IT HAPPENS! EVEN THIS ANTIDOTE MIGHT NOT SAVE HIM NOW! THERE'S CERTAIN TO BE A VIOLENT REACTION!
TICK! TOCK!
TICK!
TICK! TICK!


TICK TOCK TICK TOCK
HELLO! I CAME TO...
YEEOWW!
SPUT!
SPUT!
SPUTTER
FIZZz!
THIRTY SECONDS TO GO... AND HE COMES HERE!
CRASH!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! FIRST THEY RUN AFTER ME... AND NOW THEY RUN AWAY! HMM!
OH, WELL! ALL THIS EXERCISE HAS MADE ME THIRSTY!
BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG!
NO ONE CAN SAY I DIDN'T DO MY BEST TO CLEAR MYSELF! MAY LIGHTNING STRIKE ME DOWN IF I'M NOT A COMPLETELY HONEST MAN!
SPUTTER
CRACK!
OWOOO!
G-GOLLY, I HAD NO IDEA I WAS THAT DISHONEST...

PLASTIC MAN

A Restful Vacation

"PLAS! Plas! Wake up, quick!" Woozy gripped the shoulder of Plastic Man and shook it hard.

Plastic Man sleepily opened one eye and stretched lazily in his rubbery way. "What's the matter, Woozy?"

"Listen!" Woozy cried. "That awful noise outside! Sounds like somebody's being murdered."

Plastic Man cocked an ear toward the window for a moment. Then his face broke into a broad grin.

"Sounds to me like a rooster crowing," he said.

"A . . . a *rooster?*" gasped Woozy. "No kidding."

Woozy ran to the window and looked out, trying to see this strange creature that could make such an awful noise at the crack of dawn. Plastic Man and his self-styled assistant, Woozy Winks, were on the first day of a vacation trip. They had come to the country, at Plas' suggestion, for some peace and quiet. They had just spent their first night sleeping in a picturesque old farmhouse which offered accommodations to tourists.

"Boy, this country air is wonderful!" Plas said, stretching his arms to the ceiling above his head. "I slept like a log. How'd you sleep?"

Woozy turned back from the window, revealing a pale face and sleepy, half-opened eyes.

"Terrible!" he groaned. "It's too quiet! All night I kept listening to nothing. And then, first thing this morning, that awful sound broke out right under my window."

Plas laughed and shook his head at Woozy. "Just a city guy! Never mind, you'll get used to it. By the time we're ready to go back to town, you won't be able to sleep there because of the noise.

"Anyway," Plas continued, "maybe we'll be able to stir up some excitement for you, even in this peaceful rural spot. We'll ask Farmer Flint what the countryside has to offer."

After breakfast, the pair wandered into the farmyard in search of the farmer. Behind Woozy's back a horse let out a sudden neigh, and Woozy almost collapsed. A donkey peering out of a stall began to hee-haw as he saw Woozy, and a cow nearby gave forth with a derisive moo.

"Sounds as if they're laughing at me!" Woozy muttered angrily. Plas turned away to hide a grin. Poor Woozy! He did make a funny spectacle, wandering around a barnyard dressed in his loud city clothes and wearing his famous battered straw hat.

"Excitement?" the farmer said, scratching his head as Plas questioned him. "Wal, I dunno about that. There's a covered dish supper at the schoolhouse tomorrow night—and a square dance next week end. And then, of course, there's the old haunted house."

"Haunted house?" Plas exclaimed. "That sounds interesting. Tell us about it."

"Hey!" Woozy cried. "Who said I was looking for excitement!"

"Course some folks don't believe in haunts," Farmer Flint continued. "But I'll tell you . . . there's nobody lives around here would set foot in that place even in the daytime, much less after dark."

That was all he had to offer, and he would say nothing more about the ghosts. "Just ghosts, that's all," he muttered when Plas tried to get him to go into detail.

Woozy spent most of the day dozing peacefully in a hammock, while Plas went for a walk down a country lane. As evening approached, Woozy hoped that Plas had forgotten about the ghosts. He didn't know that Plas's walk had been in the direction of the haunted

house itself. He wasn't even suspicious when, after dinner, Plas suggested another stroll.

"Do you good to get some exercise," he assured Woozy. "You'll sleep better than you did last night."

Woozy ambled along beside Plas, paying little attention to what they were passing until suddenly Plas turned into a tumble-down gateway. Ahead of them loomed a big, rambling structure—an old house, with sagging shutters and broken window panes. Looking at it, Woozy had an uneasy feeling.

"Seems like there's nobody home," he said.

"Only the ghosts," Plas answered. "See that light flickering?"

"The haunted house!" Woozy gasped. "Let's get away from here!"

But Plas continued up the walk, so Woozy stuck close behind him. The boards of the old front steps creaked as they climbed them. Ahead, the front door swung silently open. But there was nobody there! In spite of Woozy's whispered protests, Plas walked into the house. A weird light was glowing through the rooms, and as they stood staring around, a horrible, bubbling moan rose into the air.

"*That's* no rooster!" Woozy gasped, feeling the hair stand up on his head.

Ahead of them, at the end of a long hallway, a figure appeared—a white, ghostly shape that seemed to float above the ground.

"Let's run," Woozy begged. Instead, Plas opened a door that led down a flight of steep stairs, evidently into a basement. A rush of damp, clammy air struck them in the face. And another white figure appeared at the foot of the stairs! This time Woozy would have run, Plas or no Plas, if he hadn't been frozen to the spot with fear.

The figures made threatening gestures. The one in the hallway moved down the hall, in their direction and the one at the foot of the stairs started up toward them. A ghostly hand clutched at Woozy's ankles. Before he could move or cry out it had tripped him and thrown him to the floor. Pandemonium broke loose. In the hand of each ghost appeared a very real looking revolver.

"Okay, bud," said the figure coming up the stairs. "You don't scare easy, do you? Well, maybe this'll make you scram out of here!" He waved the revolver menacingly.

A voice spoke from a spot right above Woozy. It was a high, eerie voice and it took Woozy a moment to realize that it was Plastic Man speaking. "Why should I run from bullets?" the voice intoned. Even though he knew it was Plas, Woozy felt shivers running up and down his spine.

"I am a *real* ghost," the voice continued. "Bullets can't harm me!"

"We'll see about that!" yelled the figure on the stairs. He pulled the trigger, firing point-blank at Plastic Man.

Instead of crumpling to the floor, Plastic Man applied his famous ability to twist his sinuous body into curves, out of the straight path of the bullets. As the firing continued, Woozy thanked his lucky stars that he was safe on the floor. His pudgy body could not dodge bullets.

"Yeow!" cried the other white figure. "He really is a ghost. Da bullets go right through him!"

Both men turned to run, but Plastic Man stretched his arms and caught them in a firm grasp. He ripped off the sheets they wore, and revealed two real, live crooks.

Later, having turned the men over to the authorities along with the presses and other machinery they found hidden in the basement, Plastic Man explained to Woozy.

"Sorry I had to knock you down, but I wanted you out of the way when the lead began to fly. A lot of counterfeit bills have been circulating, and the FBI traced them to a source somewhere in this area. As soon as I heard of the haunted house, I could see that it would make a wonderful cover for their operations. Fear of the ghosts kept everyone away

"But now," Plas continued, "with that job out of the way, you and I can take a *real* vacation."

"On one condition," Woozy replied. "Provided we take it safe in the peace and quiet of the city!"

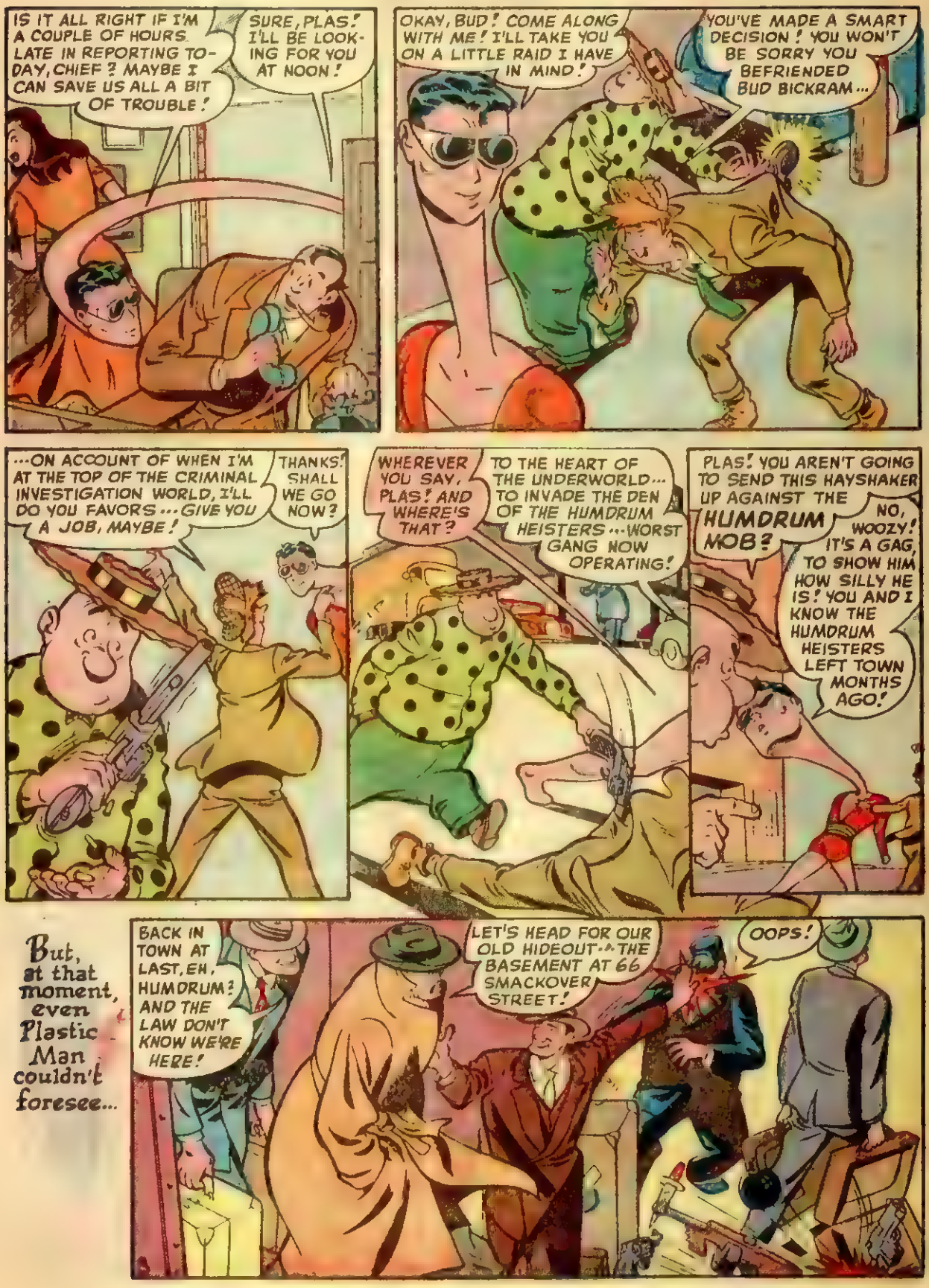
PLASTIC MAN

BUD BICKRAM

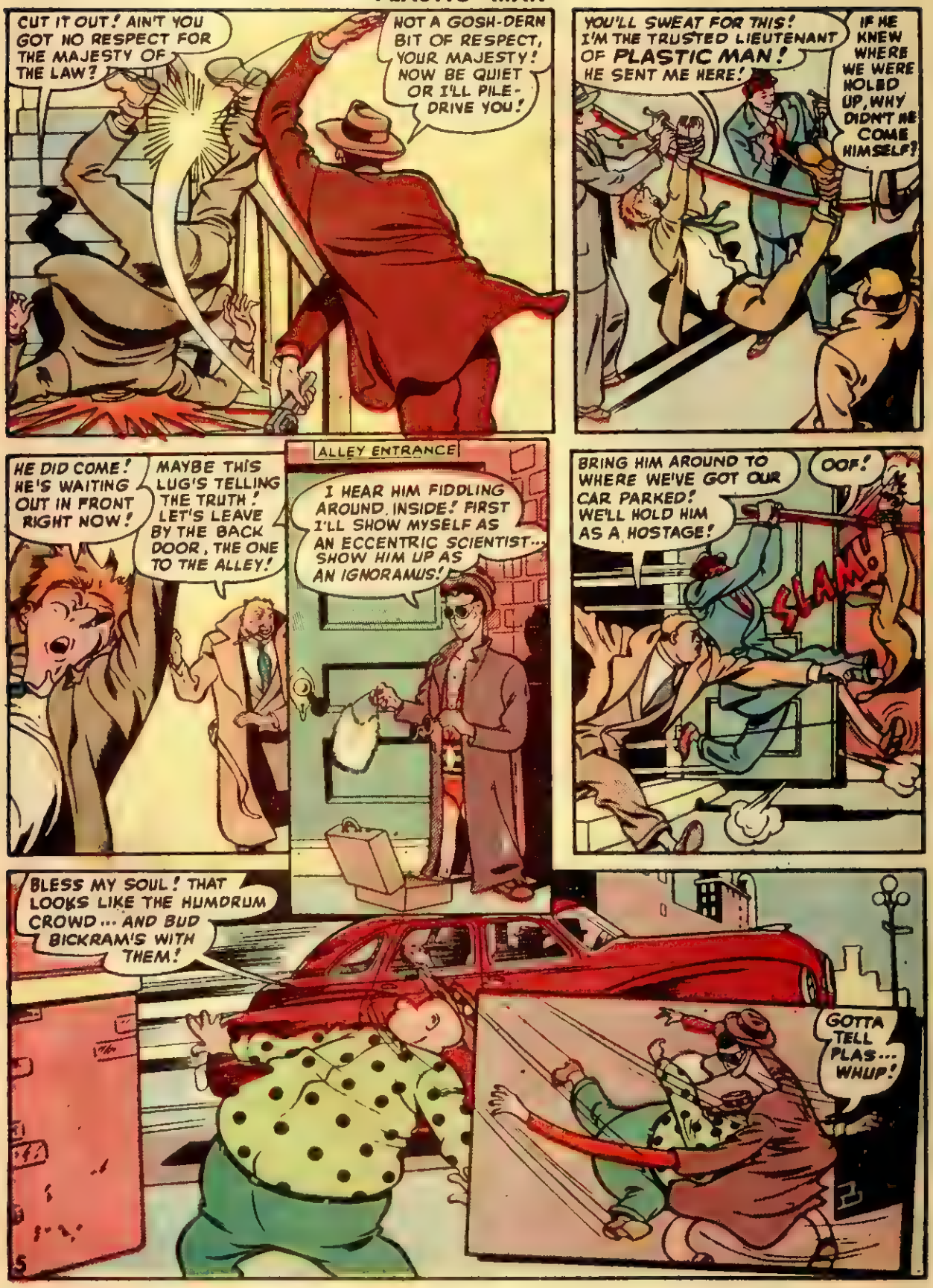
It was SOOOO peaceful in the country... during the time when Bloodhound Bud Bickram, self-styled master of police methods, came to the big town to show how crime-crushing was done!

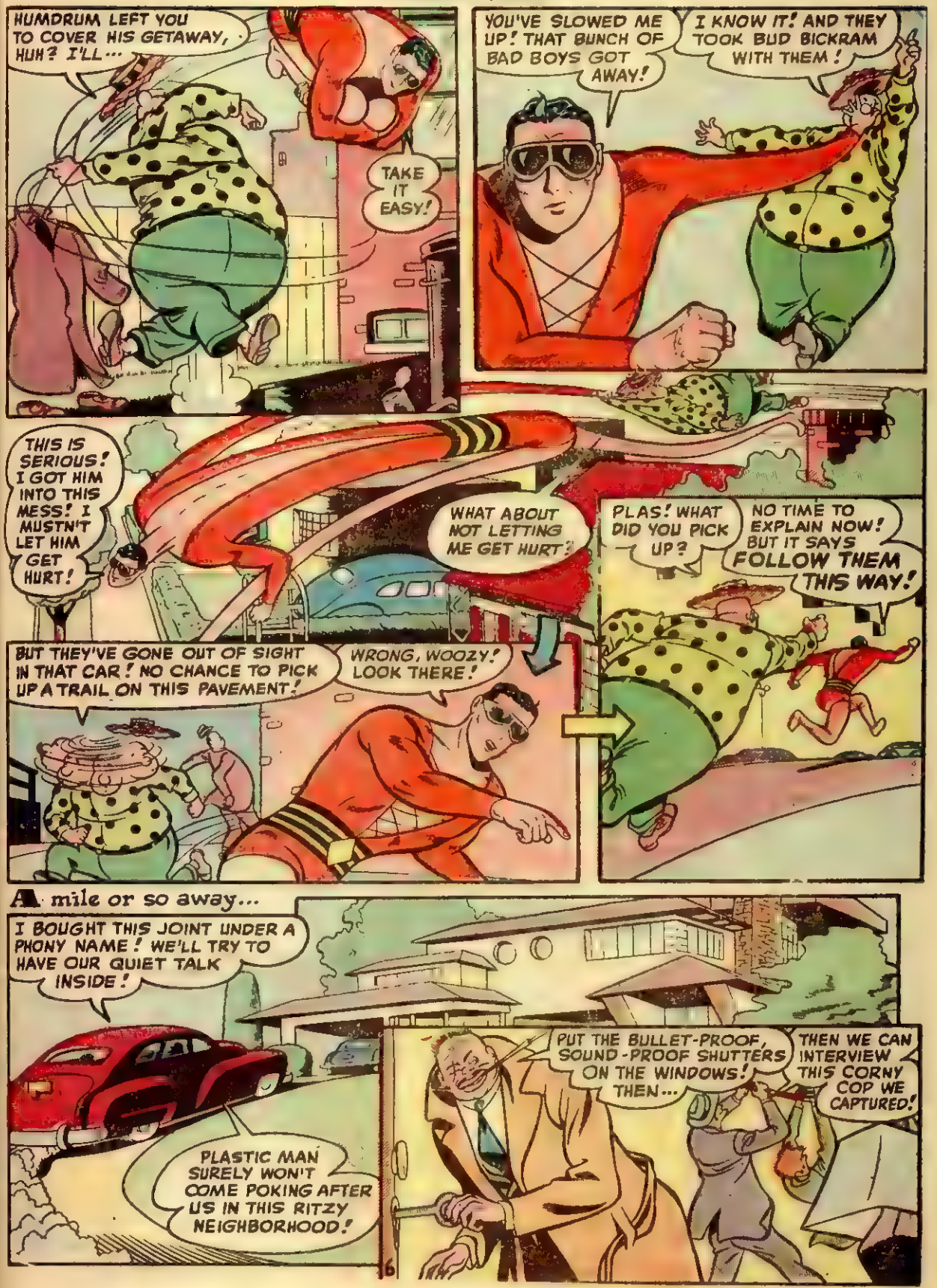
Without his help, Plastic Man would have cleaned up a difficult and danger-ous case in HALF THE TIME!

As Plastic Man and Woozy walk toward the city's F.B.I. office...
GOOD MORNING, SON! YOU LOOK AS IF I OUGHT TO KNOW YOU!
SURE! I RECKON AS HOW THEY'VE ALREADY HEARD OF ME IN THE BIG CITY! BLOOD-HOUND BUD BICKRAM, THAT'S ME!
I MEAN, YOUR DESCRIPTION CAME INTO THE OFFICE... BUD BICKRAM, MISSING FROM YOUR HOME AT COW CROSSING! YOU'VE RUN AWAY, HAVEN'T YOU, BUD?
SURE THING! I'VE COME TO GIVE THE F.B.I. THE BENEFIT OF MY TALENTS!
LOOKIT HERE! MY DIPLOMA FROM THE SWINDLESTIFF CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF CRIME DETECTION! AND HERE'S THE STAR THEY GIMME!
ANOTHER MAIL-ORDER SHERLOCK! GO BACK TO THE CORNFIELD WITH THE REST OF THE HICKS!
AHA! DEFINITELY A CRIMINAL TYPE! PROBABLY A CHICKEN THIEF... OR A BARN-BURNER-DOWNER! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, CHUM!
NOW LOOK HERE, YOU COUNTRY-CURED CRACKPOT...
EAT
FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE! BUD BICKRAM, NEMESIS OF NO-GOODS, HAS EXPOSED YOU...
HOLD ON, BUD! YOU'RE MISTAKEN! THIS GENTLEMAN IS MY ASSOCIATE, MR. WOOZY WINKS... A VALUABLE CITIZEN, SORT OF!
zippp
HE'S WOOZY WINKS? THEN YOU MUST BE PLASTIC MAN! HEY, CAN I BE YOUR PARTNER IN CRIME-CATCHING? CAN I, HUH? CAN I?
I SUPPOSE THE BEST WAY OUT OF THIS IS TO DEVOTE A LITTLE TIME TO YOU!
2


IS IT ALL RIGHT IF I'M A COUPLE OF HOURS LATE IN REPORTING TODAY, CHIEF? MAYBE I CAN SAVE US ALL A BIT OF TROUBLE!
SURE, PLAS! I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU AT NOON!
OKAY, BUD! COME ALONG WITH ME! I'LL TAKE YOU ON A LITTLE RAID I HAVE IN MIND!
YOU'VE MADE A SMART DECISION! YOU WON'T BE SORRY YOU BEFRIENDED BUD BICKRAM...
...ON ACCOUNT OF WHEN I'M AT THE TOP OF THE CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION WORLD, I'LL DO YOU FAVORS... GIVE YOU A JOB, MAYBE!
THANKS! SHALL WE GO NOW?
WHEREVER YOU SAY, PLAS! AND WHERE'S THAT?
TO THE HEART OF THE UNDERWORLD... TO INVADE THE DEN OF THE HUMDRUM HEISTERS... WORST GANG NOW OPERATING!
PLAS! YOU AREN'T GOING TO SEND THIS HAYSHAKER UP AGAINST THE HUMDRUM MOB?
NO, WOOZY! IT'S A GAG, TO SHOW HIM HOW SILLY HE IS! YOU AND I KNOW THE HUMDRUM HEISTERS LEFT TOWN MONTHS AGO!
But, at that moment, even Plastic Man couldn't foresee...
BACK IN TOWN AT LAST, EH, HUMDRUM? AND THE LAW DON'T KNOW WE'RE HERE!
LET'S HEAD FOR OUR OLD HIDEOUT--THE BASEMENT AT 66 SMACKOVER STREET!
OOPS!

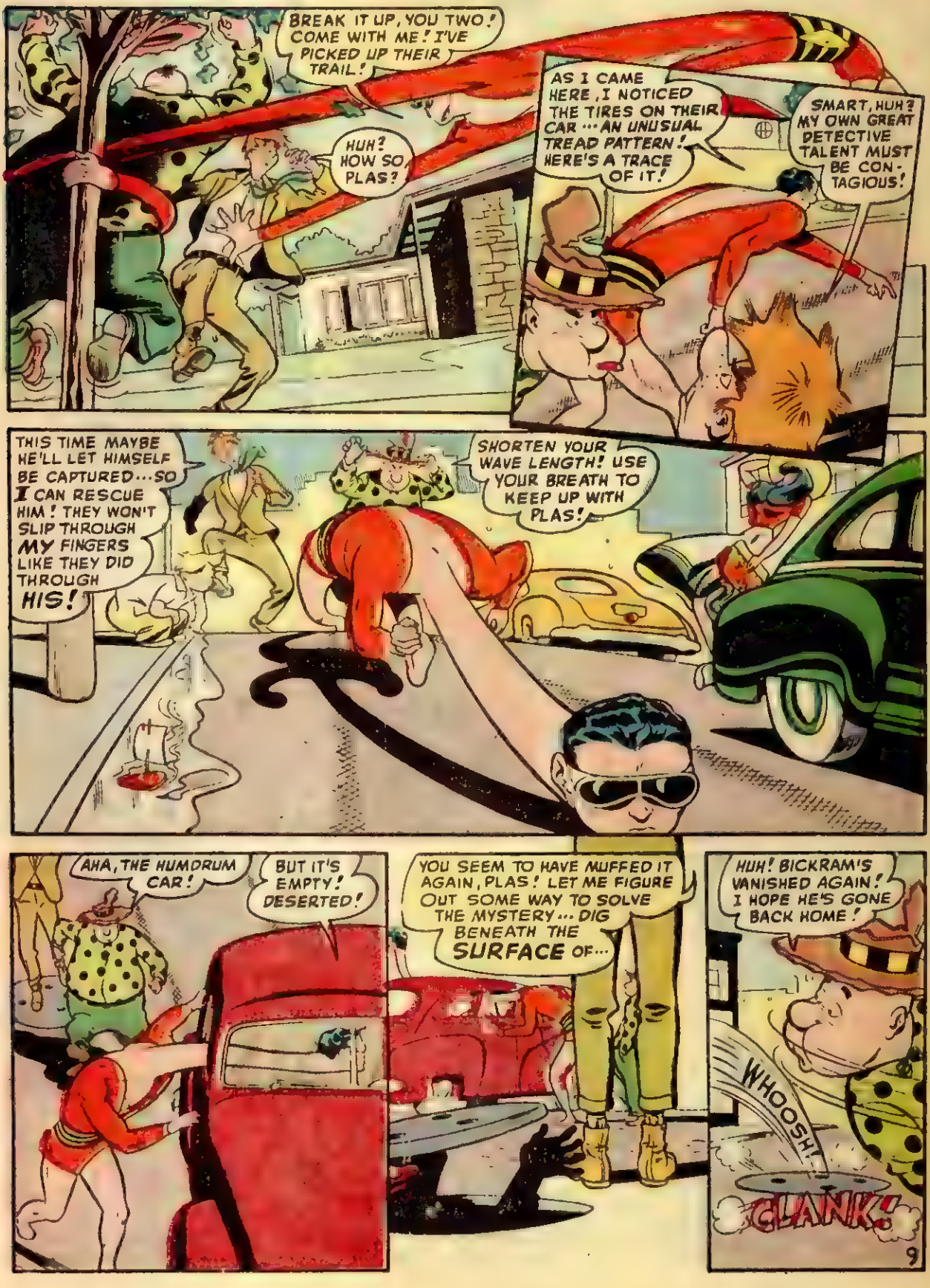
And then...
NINTH ST.
SMACKOVER STREET
THERE'S THE DOOR! RIGHT DOWN THE BLOCK!
LOOKS PURTY QUIET, PLAS!
YOU NOW SEE THE BASEMENT HIDEOUT OF THE HUMDRUM HEISTERS! FORWARD, DETECTIVE BICKRAM... DO YOUR DUTY!
THE DREAM OF MY LIFE! LEMME AT 'EM!
BUT, PLAS... IF THE BASEMENT IS EMPTY, HOW WILL HE LEARN ANY LESSON?
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT IN A MINUTE! AS SOON AS HE'S POKED AROUND IN THERE A WHILE...
"I'LL GO AROUND TO THE ALLEY DOOR... PUT ON ONE OF MY DISGUISES... AND WALK IN TO SCARE HIM SILLY!
HE'S SILLY ENOUGH NOW! SCARE HIM SMART FOR A CHANGE!
NOW WE'LL TAKE OUR TIME AND FIGURE OUT OUR NEW LINE OF SHADY DEALS...
HANDS UP, HEISTERS! REACH FOR THE ROOF! BUD BICKRAM, THE LUSTIEST LIMB OF THE LAW, IS PRESENT!
GOTCHA COVERED! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! BETTER CONFESS EVERYTHING!
JUMP THIS JERK, JOBBY!
RESISTANCE, HUH? I'LL SHOOT TO KILL... HEY! IT DIDN'T GO OFF!
YOUR SHOOTING IRON'S LOST ITS PEP, COPPER!
SNAP!
4

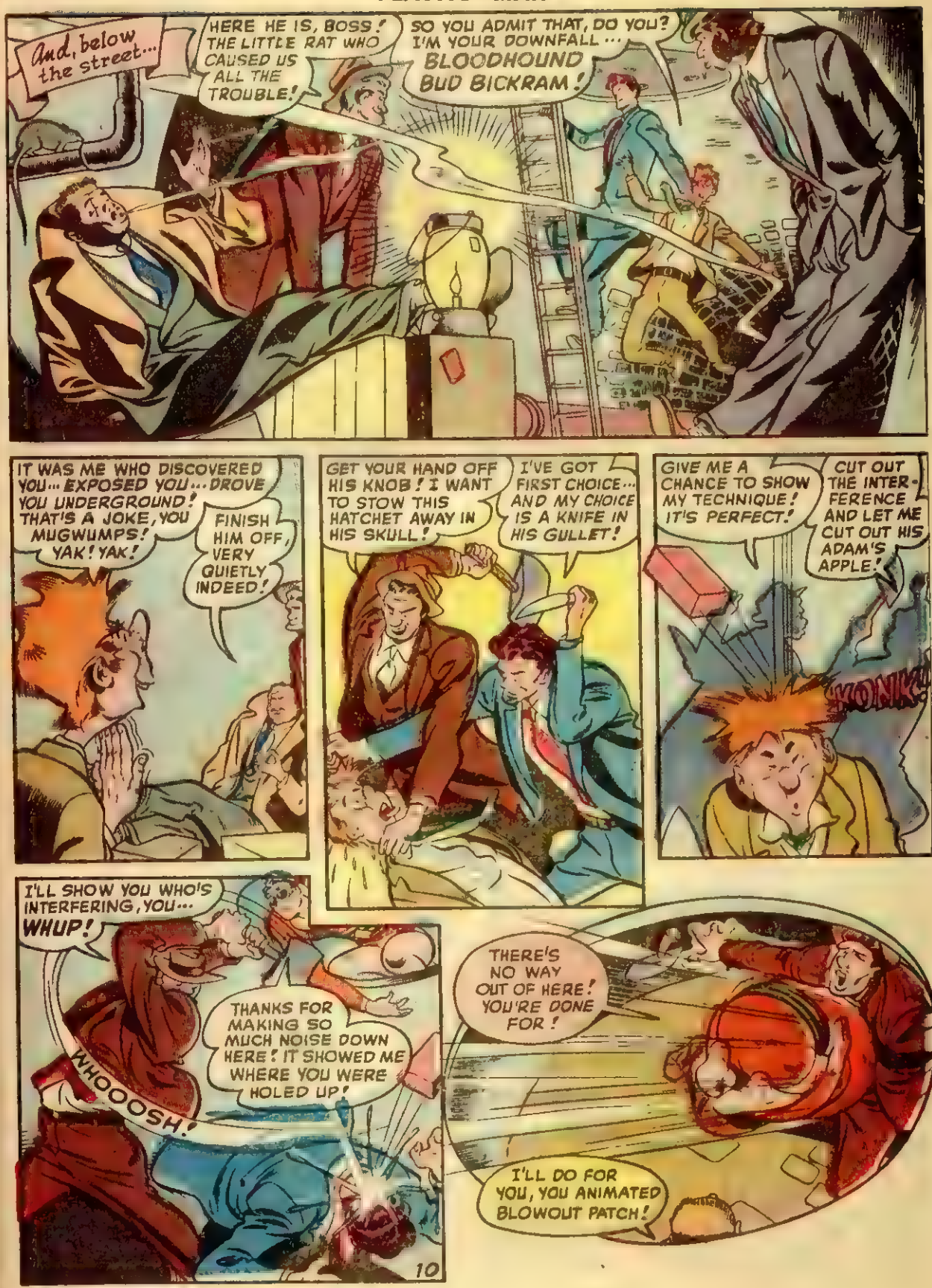

CUT IT OUT! AIN'T YOU GOT NO RESPECT FOR THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW?
NOT A GOSH-DERN BIT OF RESPECT, YOUR MAJESTY! NOW BE QUIET OR I'LL PILE-DRIVE YOU!
YOU'LL SWEAT FOR THIS! I'M THE TRUSTED LIEUTENANT OF PLASTIC MAN! HE SENT ME HERE!
IF HE KNEW WHERE WE WERE HOLED UP, WHY DIDN'T HE COME HIMSELF?
HE DID COME! HE'S WAITING OUT IN FRONT RIGHT NOW!
MAYBE THIS LUG'S TELLING THE TRUTH! LET'S LEAVE BY THE BACK DOOR, THE ONE TO THE ALLEY!
ALLEY ENTRANCE
I HEAR HIM FIDDLING AROUND INSIDE! FIRST I'LL SHOW MYSELF AS AN ECCENTRIC SCIENTIST... SHOW HIM UP AS AN IGNORAMUS!
BRING HIM AROUND TO WHERE WE'VE GOT OUR CAR PARKED! WE'LL HOLD HIM AS A HOSTAGE!
OOF!
SLAM!
BLESS MY SOUL! THAT LOOKS LIKE THE HUMDRUM CROWD... AND BUD BICKRAM'S WITH THEM!
GOTTA TELL PLAS... WHUP!
5

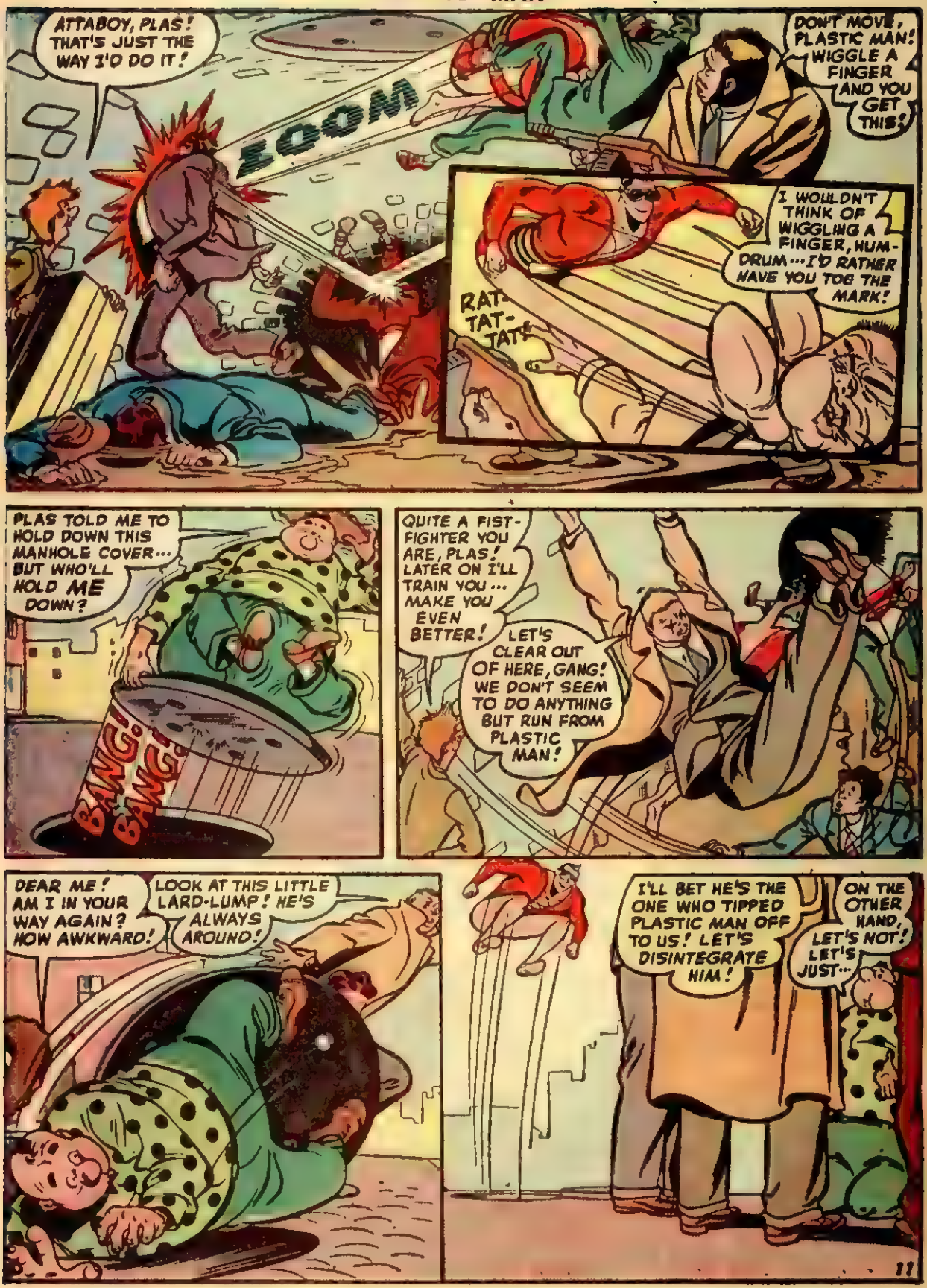

HUMDRUM LEFT YOU TO COVER HIS GETAWAY, HUH? I'LL...
TAKE IT EASY!
YOU'VE SLOWED ME UP! THAT BUNCH OF BAD BOYS GOT AWAY!
I KNOW IT! AND THEY TOOK BUD BICKRAM WITH THEM!
THIS IS SERIOUS! I GOT HIM INTO THIS MESS! I MUSTN'T LET HIM GET HURT!
WHAT ABOUT NOT LETTING ME GET HURT?
PLAS! WHAT DID YOU PICK UP?
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW! BUT IT SAYS FOLLOW THEM THIS WAY!
BUT THEY'VE GONE OUT OF SIGHT IN THAT CAR! NO CHANCE TO PICK UP A TRAIL ON THIS PAVEMENT!
WRONG, WOOZY! LOOK THERE!
A mile or so away...
I BOUGHT THIS JOINT UNDER A PHONY NAME! WE'LL TRY TO HAVE OUR QUIET TALK INSIDE!
PLASTIC MAN SURELY WON'T COME POKING AFTER US IN THIS RITZY NEIGHBORHOOD!
PUT THE BULLET-PROOF, SOUND-PROOF SHUTTERS ON THE WINDOWS! THEN...
THEN WE CAN INTERVIEW THIS CORNY COP WE CAPTURED!

AND NOW FOR A COZY LITTLE CONFERENCE, MR...
BLOODHOUND BUD BICKRAM! THE UNDERWORLD SHIVERS WHEN IT HEARS THE NAME!
PARDON ME IF I DON'T SHIVER! NOW GIVE ME A LITTLE INSIDE DOPE ON PLASTIC MAN... HOW I CAN CATCH HIM OFF GUARD... SLURP!
NEVER! I'LL DIE BEFORE I RAT ON MY PARTNER!
DON'T GIVE ME THAT COLD TREATMENT, BUB! I MAY HAVE TO WARM YOU UP IN THIS FIRE!
YOU WOULDN'T DARE!
DON'T DARE ME ANYTHING! GRAB HIM, BOYS! ROAST A LITTLE OF THE TOUGHNESS OUT OF HIM!
NO, WAIT! HOLD ON! IF YOU DO THIS...
NEVER MIND, BUD! THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING TO YOU!
PLASTIC MAN! I KNEW YOU'D SAVE ME!

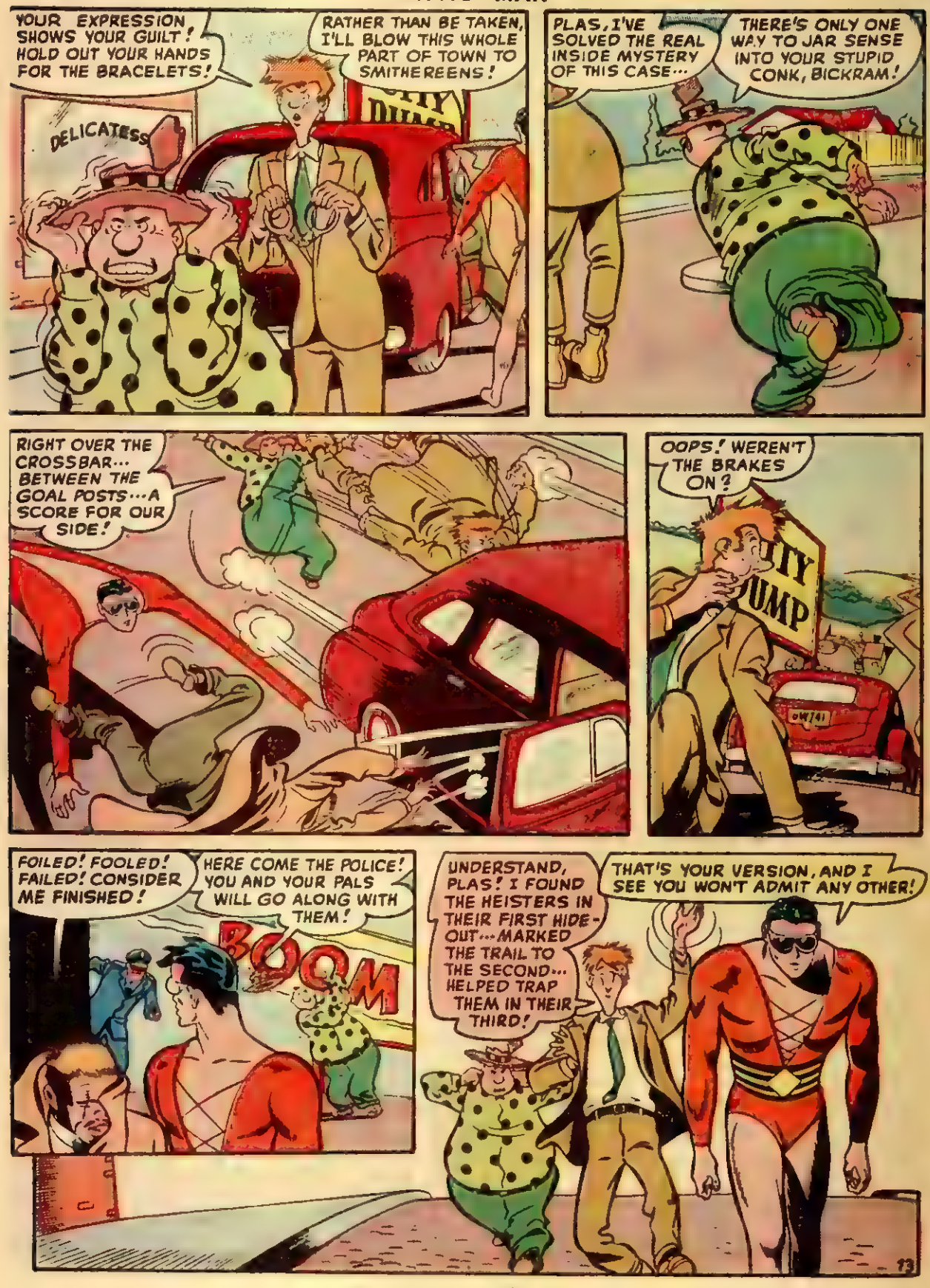
ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS WERE BARRED... I HAD TO COME DOWN THE CHIMNEY!
SOCK!
LET'S SCRAM OUT OF HERE, GANG! WE CAN'T FACE PLASTIC MAN!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT GAVE PLAS THE SILLY IDEA THOSE THUGS BROUGHT BUD BICKRAM HERE...
QUICK! TO THE CAR! GET AWAY FROM HERE TO OUR OTHER JOINT!
YOU DROPPED THIS BADGE TO SHOW WHERE THE CAR TURNED... AND THE DIPLOMA TO SHOW WHICH HOUSE THE GANG ENTERED!
I WAS A GENIUS, HUH? GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE ALMOST AS SMART AS ME! YOU PICKED UP MY TRAIL!
HEY, PLAS! HUMDRUM AND HIS HOODS ARE HALFWAY TO THE HORIZON!
THUNDER, THAT'S SO! I WAS TOO BUSY UNTYING BUD, HERE, TO CATCH THEM!
SNAP!
THEY'VE VANISHED! NO TRACE OF THEM!
TOO BAD I WASN'T WITH THEM, TO MARK THE TRAIL IN MY INTELLIGENT FASHION! YOU NEED ME IN YOUR BUSINESS, PLAS!
THIS PROVES MY VALUE IN YOUR CRIMINAL-CATCHING BUSINESS! WITHOUT ME, YOU'RE A FAILURE...
SHADDUP WITH THAT CORNCRIB CONCEIT!
YOU DARE TALK LIKE THAT TO THE PARTNER OF PLASTIC MAN?
I'M THE ONLY PARTNER HE'S GOT! WHAT YOU NEED IS A PUNCH RIGHT WHERE MOST GUYS HAVE A HEAD!


BREAK IT UP, YOU TWO! COME WITH ME! I'VE PICKED UP THEIR TRAIL!
HUH? HOW SO, PLAS?
AS I CAME HERE, I NOTICED THE TIRES ON THEIR CAR ··· AN UNUSUAL TREAD PATTERN! HERE'S A TRACE OF IT!
SMART, HUH? MY OWN GREAT DETECTIVE TALENT MUST BE CONTAGIOUS!
THIS TIME MAYBE HE'LL LET HIMSELF BE CAPTURED ··· SO I CAN RESCUE HIM! THEY WON'T SLIP THROUGH MY FINGERS LIKE THEY DID THROUGH HIS!
SHORTEN YOUR WAVE LENGTH! USE YOUR BREATH TO KEEP UP WITH PLAS!
AHA, THE HUMDRUM CAR!
BUT IT'S EMPTY! DESERTED!
YOU SEEM TO HAVE MUFFED IT AGAIN, PLAS! LET ME FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY ··· DIG BENEATH THE SURFACE OF···
HUH! BICKRAM'S VANISHED AGAIN! I HOPE HE'S GONE BACK HOME!
WHOOSH!
CLANK!


And, below the street...
HERE HE IS, BOSS! THE LITTLE RAT WHO CAUSED US ALL THE TROUBLE!
SO YOU ADMIT THAT, DO YOU? I'M YOUR DOWNFALL... BLOODHOUND BUD BICKRAM!
IT WAS ME WHO DISCOVERED YOU... EXPOSED YOU... DROVE YOU UNDERGROUND! THAT'S A JOKE, YOU MUGWUMPS! YAK! YAK!
FINISH HIM OFF, VERY QUIETLY INDEED!
GET YOUR HAND OFF HIS KNOB! I WANT TO STOW THIS HATCHET AWAY IN HIS SKULL!
I'VE GOT FIRST CHOICE... AND MY CHOICE IS A KNIFE IN HIS GULLET!
GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SHOW MY TECHNIQUE! IT'S PERFECT!
CUT OUT THE INTERFERENCE AND LET ME CUT OUT HIS ADAM'S APPLE!
YONK!
I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S INTERFERING, YOU... WHUP!
THANKS FOR MAKING SO MUCH NOISE DOWN HERE! IT SHOWED ME WHERE YOU WERE HOLED UP!
WHOOOSH!
THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF HERE! YOU'RE DONE FOR!
I'LL DO FOR YOU, YOU ANIMATED BLOWOUT PATCH!


ATTABOY, PLAS! THAT'S JUST THE WAY I'D DO IT!
BOOM
DON'T MOVE, PLASTIC MAN! WIGGLE A FINGER AND YOU GET THIS!
I WOULDN'T THINK OF WIGGLING A FINGER, HUM-DRUM... I'D RATHER HAVE YOU TOE THE MARK!
RAT-TAT-TAT!
PLAS TOLD ME TO HOLD DOWN THIS MANHOLE COVER... BUT WHO'LL HOLD ME DOWN?
BANG! BANG!
QUITE A FIST-FIGHTER YOU ARE, PLAS! LATER ON I'LL TRAIN YOU... MAKE YOU EVEN BETTER!
LET'S CLEAR OUT OF HERE, GANG! WE DON'T SEEM TO DO ANYTHING BUT RUN FROM PLASTIC MAN!
DEAR ME! AM I IN YOUR WAY AGAIN? HOW AWKWARD!
LOOK AT THIS LITTLE LARD-LUMP! HE'S ALWAYS AROUND!
I'LL BET HE'S THE ONE WHO TIPPED PLASTIC MAN OFF TO US! LET'S DISINTEGRATE HIM!
ON THE OTHER HAND, LET'S NOT! LET'S JUST...

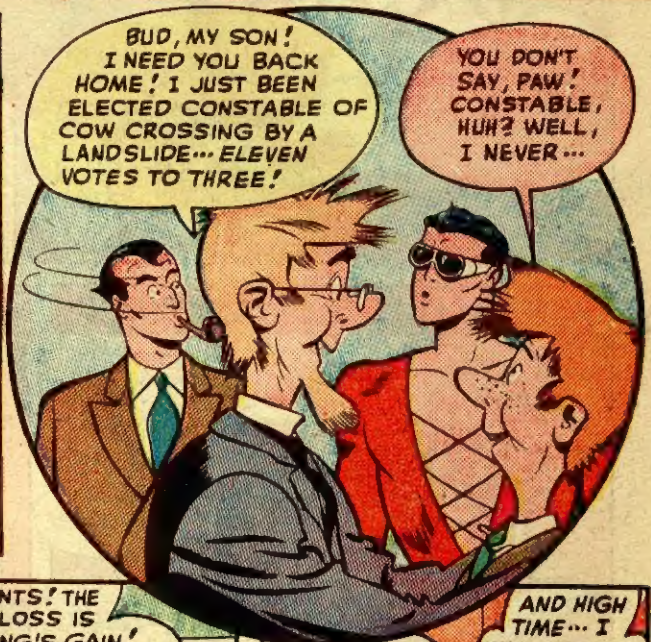
SOME FUN, HUH? I THINK I'M A WONDERFUL INFLUENCE ON PLAS!
IT TAKES GENIUS TO BE AS MUCH TROUBLE AS YOU'VE BEEN!
QUICK, WHILE HE'S HELPLESS! DEFLATE HIM!
YOU KNOW, WOOZY, I'VE BEEN OBSERVING YOU! I'VE LEARNED SOMETHING PLAS NEVER SUSPECTED WITH HIS INFERIOR BRAIN!
YOU'RE REALLY IN THE PAY OF ORGANIZED CRIME! A SPY IN THE CAMP OF LAW AND ORDER! DENY IT IF YOU DARE!
CUT IT OUT, PLASTIC MAN! WE GIVE UP... WE SURRENDER!
NOT ME!
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THIS TIME, HUMDRUM!
NOBODY'S ESCAPING!
STAND WHERE YOU ARE, OR I'LL PULL THIS LEVER ...IT WILL SET OFF A BOMB HIDDEN IN THIS CAR!
IF IT BLEW ME UP, IT WOULD BLOW YOU UP, TOO!


YOUR EXPRESSION SHOWS YOUR GUILT! HOLD OUT YOUR HANDS FOR THE BRACELETS!
RATHER THAN BE TAKEN, I'LL BLOW THIS WHOLE PART OF TOWN TO SMITHEREENS!
DELICATESS
PLAS, I'VE SOLVED THE REAL INSIDE MYSTERY OF THIS CASE...
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO JAR SENSE INTO YOUR STUPID CONK, BICKRAM!
RIGHT OVER THE CROSSBAR... BETWEEN THE GOAL POSTS...A SCORE FOR OUR SIDE!
OOPS! WEREN'T THE BRAKES ON?
FOILED! FOOLED! FAILED! CONSIDER ME FINISHED!
HERE COME THE POLICE! YOU AND YOUR PALS WILL GO ALONG WITH THEM!
BOOM
UNDERSTAND, PLAS! I FOUND THE HEISTERS IN THEIR FIRST HIDE-OUT...MARKED THE TRAIL TO THE SECOND... HELPED TRAP THEM IN THEIR THIRD!
THAT'S YOUR VERSION, AND I SEE YOU WON'T ADMIT ANY OTHER!

I BLEW UP THAT BOMB-PACKING CAR, TOO! HOW ABOUT FIXING ME UP WITH A BIG-SHOT F.B.I. JOB, PLAS?
I'M LIKE HUMDRUM... FINISHED! COME ON IN!
F.B.I.

CHIEF, I'M KIND OF OBLIGATED TO ASK YOU...
COME IN, PLAS! WE'VE BEEN ASKED TO HELP SOLVE THIS GENTLEMAN'S SAD PROBLEM!
PRIVATE

THIS IS MR. TANTALUS Q. BICKRAM OF COW CROSSING! HIS SON HAS MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHED...
NO! NO! HE'S JUST APPEARED AGAIN!


BUD, MY SON! I NEED YOU BACK HOME! I JUST BEEN ELECTED CONSTABLE OF COW CROSSING BY A LANDSLIDE... ELEVEN VOTES TO THREE!
YOU DON'T SAY, PAW! CONSTABLE, HUH? WELL, I NEVER...

AND I WANT YOU FOR MY CHIEF DEPPITY CONSTABLE! C'MON, THE TRAIN'S READY TO LEAVE!
ME... BLOODHOUND BUD BICKRAM, CHIEF DEPUTY CONSTABLE! SOUNDS BETTER THAN JUST PLAIN F.B.I. AGENT EVERY TIME!

SO LONG, GENTS! THE BIG TOWN'S LOSS IS COW CROSSING'S GAIN! COME AND SEE ME WHEN YOU WANT MORE DETECTIVE HELP!

GUESS THAT'S GOOD-BYE TO BLOODHOUND BUD BICKRAM, WOOZY!
AND HIGH TIME... I WAS ABOUT TO RETIRE TO A HOME FOR MISSING PERSONS!

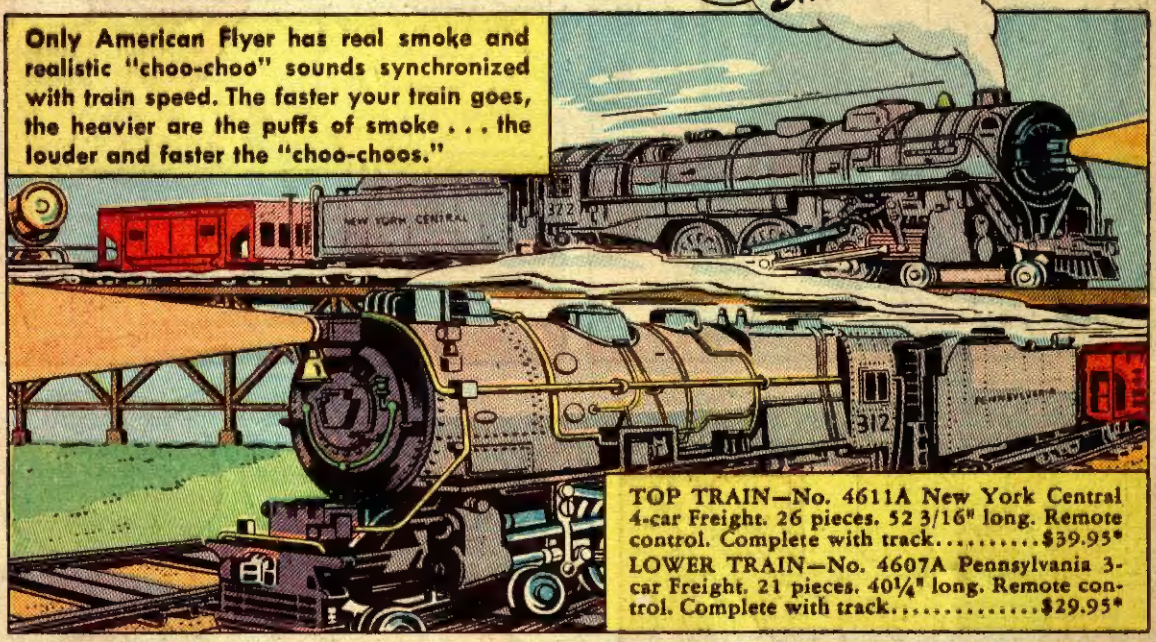
AMERICAN FLYER

Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

WATCH 'EM PUFF SMOKE!

HEAR 'EM CHOO-CHOO

Only American Flyer has real smoke and realistic "choo-choo" sounds synchronized with train speed. The faster your train goes, the heavier are the puffs of smoke . . . the louder and faster the "choo-choos."



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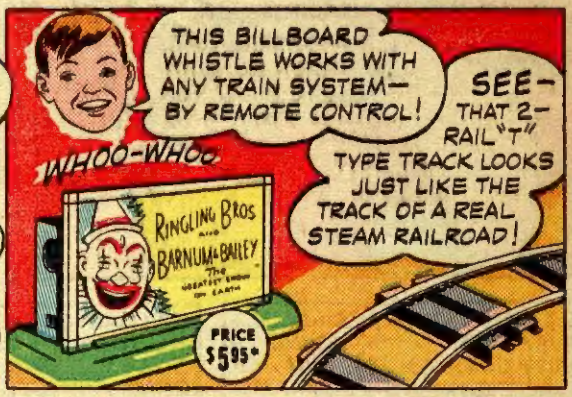
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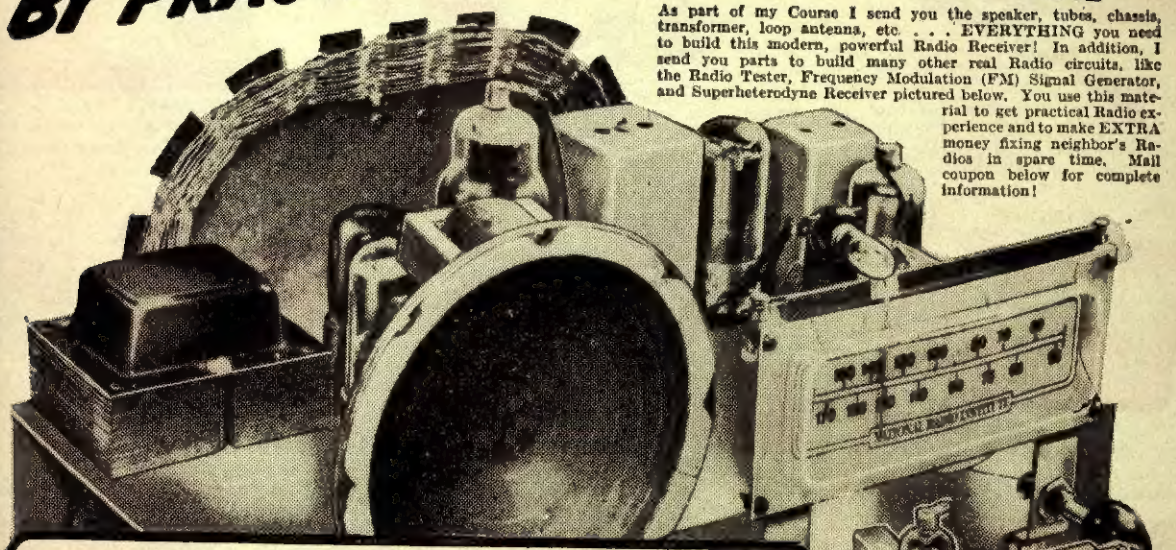

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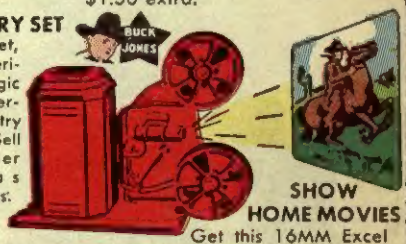

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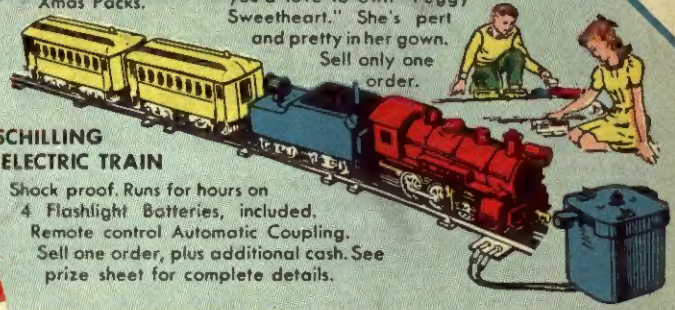

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